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JULY 1984

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HIGH TIMES

No. 107 July '84

FEATURES

Cover Illustration • Bill Cadmium

Interview: Richard Belzer by George Barkin and Larry Sloman

Toiling for years in the comedy mines of America, Richard Belzer has earned all the money, beautiful women and uncut Peruvian marching powder that's finally beginning to come his way. He's also earned the reputation as the funniest white man in America and someone you just don't mess with—you know, heckling him when he's onstage and stuff like that. Why do people find this man so terrifyingly funny? The answer begins on page

32

I Got a New Drug by "R"

If you think he's created controversy in the past with his call for a ban on *Cannabis indica*, a month-long moratorium on smoking any kind of dope at all and his advocacy of the power of prayer, wait'll you hear what the Connoisseur is up to now. (Hint: He's found a new drug which he says is better than any pot he's ever smoked—including that Thrilla from Manila—and what's more, you can get as much of it as you want, any time you want.)

40

"Tangier" fiction by Kathy Acker

"President Reagan was just *there*, that's the only way I can describe it. I didn't want to fall in love with him because I didn't want to put something in my life, but he was screwing me so good and beating me up that I knew I was going to fall in love with him. . . ." Excerpted from Janey's diary

56

Being High by Norman E. Zinberg, M.D.

A professor at the Harvard Medical School's Psychiatric Department, Dr. Norman Zinberg is probably the most authentically credentialed drug researcher in the country today. This genuine expertise has landed him on the wrong side of the New Right's antidrug demagogues and the know-nothings that form what can be laughably referred to as the Reagan administration's drug policy. Excerpted this month are sections from Dr. Zinberg's book, *Drug, Set, and Setting: The Basis for Controlled Intoxicant Use*

66

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Feds Attempt to Blacklist Harvard Docs . . . Roger Davis Is Freed . . . Black Noncom Burned by Urine Test . . . The LSD No-Hitter . . . Opium Lords Leave Hong Kong . . . July 4 Smoke-In . . . Female Sergeant in Piss-Test Catch-22

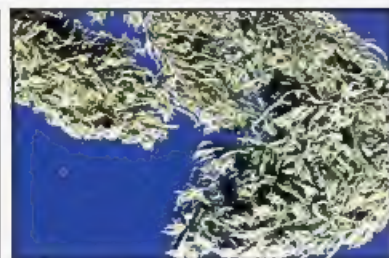
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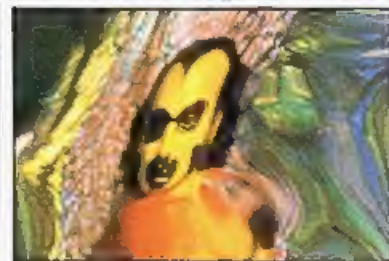
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46 The Secret Scrapbooks of Steve Cooper, Dope Photographer, Part II

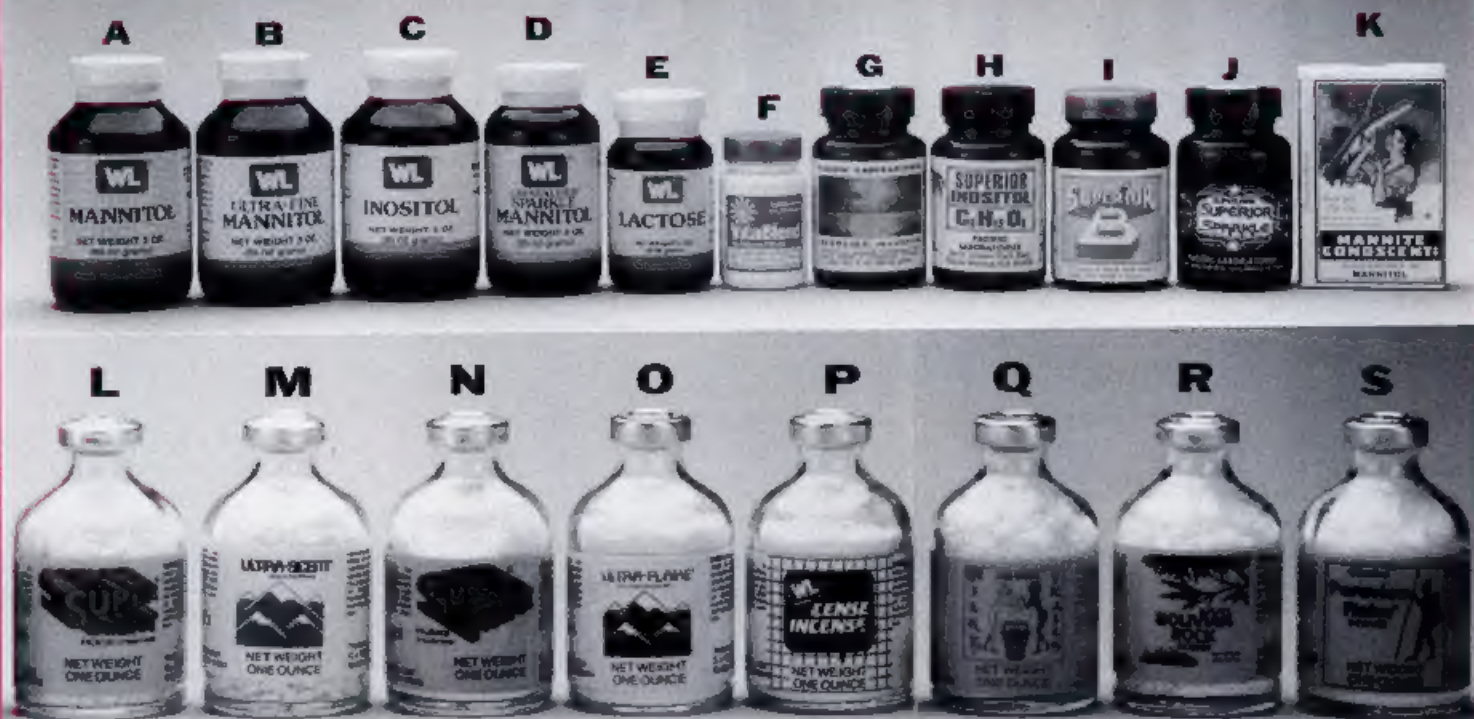
What do you get when you borrow 300 pounds of primo Colombian Cheeba Cheeba buds for a photograph and return only 296? And is it possible to still take photographs once your arms have been broken? Just who was that guy with the Peter Lorre face and the incredible Afghani-Thai weed? How did an Aztec death mask (or something looking just like it) get to be this month's **Centerfold**? The answers are all in the final installment of Steve Cooper's memoirs.



52 The Hashish Cookbook by Panama Rose; photos by Ira Cohen

Intergalactic *bons vivants* and tag-team gourmands Panama Rose and Ira Cohen have traveled into the farthest reaches of the universe (Ira's got the Mylar photographs to prove it!) in search of peace, tranquility and good things to eat. This month they offer us a selection from their original *Hashish Cookbook*, the first of its kind. Contained herein are the most legendary of head recipes including Moroccan Majoon, The Sacred Ghee and Bhang Sherbet.

62 Water Ways by Captain Domestic
Being able to supply your plants with enough water is the bottom line in maintaining any type of successful cultivation situation. But, contrary to what the poet says, water, water, is *not* everywhere—in fact, more often than not you've really got to bust your pump to get all you need. This month **Grow American** examines the manifold ways in which to get that life-saving fluid to your little patch.



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A Call for Help

Editor:

About nine months ago I offered HIGH TIMES the story of the decade for \$50,000. Well, today I'm offering HIGH TIMES the same story for one-tenth of my original offer. That's only \$5,000—not bad for my story; nor for a poor man!

HIGH TIMES deals with millions of marijuana and drug people, many of whom are better people than those who judge us!

My story will help everyone who reads HIGH TIMES and many more besides! My story will stop the law dead for millions of marijuana and drugs offenders. After a year or two HIGH TIMES may outsell *Cosmopolitan*, which has a monthly circulation of eight million!

Help your magazine, help millions of your present and future readers—and help me!

—A poor man in Kentucky

Call us in approximately 13 months. By that time your rates should be within our range. —Ed.

Higher Times?

Editor:

Please get with it and heavy up before

it's too late. You've come a long way over the last decade, from being the *Playboy* of the dope world to the *Farmer's Almanac* of the Reagan era—but you've been sliding downhill into low energy and hapless sleaze.

It's time to take your responsibilities seriously, HIGH TIMES. It's time to wake up to the fact that you are not a normal commercial magazine and that you will not survive much longer simply as a promoter of recreational drug use and hedonistic lifestyles. After the long night of this country's experiment in right-wing conservatism, a new generation is rising out of the muck of self-absorption and greed, and getting ready to grapple with the real problems of the planet—its degraded environment, its gross inequities and its impoverished, malnourished millions. Recreational drugs and hedonistic lifestyles are no solution to those problems—if anything, they are problems in themselves. But psychedelics—i.e., drugs as psychic tools, with the built-in potential for spiritual revelation and cultural upheaval—will be as useful to future problem-solving as ever.

That's one long-neglected area you could concentrate on, HIGH TIMES, to the mutual benefit of us all—where drugs as psychic tools come to bear on the problems of the real world. *Don't*

forget what it's like to be stoned!

—Eugene Wheelwright

Milford, Conn.

Great Balls of Peyote

Editor:

Thought you'd like to see our latest strain. Well, actually it's something we'd like to see—in your magazine, that is.

—Christopher

San Francisco, Calif.

Very cute, Chris, what do you call it—*Polk Street Head Meat?*—Ed.



A Word from Our Grower

Editor:

It was pretty exciting to see my stuff on the cover of your magazine (HIGH TIMES, Feb. '84). Thanks. I am quite proud of my sacramental products getting broadcast around the country.

However—the picture of the grass plant in the toilet (HIGH TIMES, Jan. '84) is diabolical. Respect is very important in keeping sacraments working.

—Name withheld

Marin County, Calif.

A Modest Proposal

Editor:

HIGH TIMES does contain an odd mixture of material, just as its readership must be an odd mixture—people whose main characteristic in common is being on the wrong side of the law in relation to a favored drug. I've

/ continued on next page

Jesus Grows

Editor:

While driving through the streets of Chicago I spotted this storefront church—and immediately thought of your magazine.

—Jay Walker

Chicago, Ill.

Well, praise the Lord and pass the... —Ed.



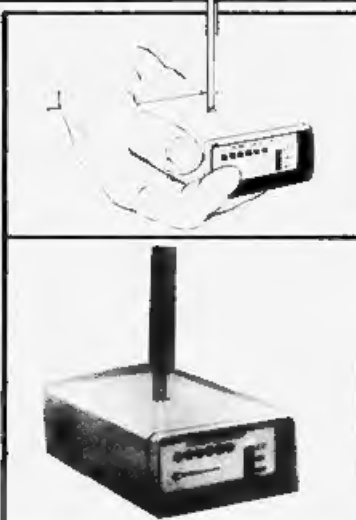
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LETTERS

I continued from previous page
enjoyed your stories by Charles Bukowski and Terry Southern, though I'm not especially into alcohol or coke. I would like to see more space given to psychedelics, but only if the quality of the material is up to their stories, or else the argument that psychedelics do more for your consciousness than those other drugs will seem false on the face of it. I'm sure you feel the same way.

—Steven Wasserman
Nashville, Tenn.

We sure do.—Ed.



Grown in Japan

Editor:

I have been reading your magazine since I came to the United States—these past four years. Now I am back in Japan trying to grow one of my own sinse plants with the seeds that I brought back when I lived in California. This plant is sixth-generation Afghani ganja. It was difficult for the plant to survive since the weather here is not as good as it is in California. But I somehow got to grow the best potent killer ganja. Since the Japanese government is really strict on illegal use of drugs, I'm just using this for my own personal use.

—Peter Kun
Kanagawa, Japan

Breathing Easier

Editor:

I have a little boy five years old. The last couple of years he has suffered quite often from serious asthma attacks. The majority of the time, an attack will start when he is visiting his grandparents in the country. He spends almost every weekend there.

I once heard my grandmother talk about how her mother had asthma

I continued on page 15

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ATLANTA (AP)—Water contaminated in a solar-heated tank caused nausea and diarrhea among patients and employees at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Augusta in 1980, health researchers concluded.

An investigation found phenol, a chemical, in the solar water tank, the national Centers for Disease Control said.

The tank's liner of phenolic resin, the result of combining phenol and formaldehyde, had been improperly cured, the CDC said.

The water supply system also was reported contaminated with phenol in 1978, the CDC said.

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E-C10	4½"	12½"	125 psi	3/4"	5 Micron
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Oxidized Iron, Sulfide and Manganese	99.9%
TOXIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS	
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Chloroform	85-99%
Chlorodibromomethane	85-98%
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EPA Puts Emergency Ban on Pesticide EDB

WASHINGTON (AP) — The Environmental Protection Agency today ordered an immediate, emergency ban on the use of the pesticide ethylene dibromide on agricultural crops. The suspected cancer-causing chemical has contaminated groundwater in several states.

At the same time, the agency announced it was canceling all other major pesticide uses of EDB, which has been shown in laboratory tests to produce cancer, reproductive disorders and mutations in test animals.

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Our Man in Madrid

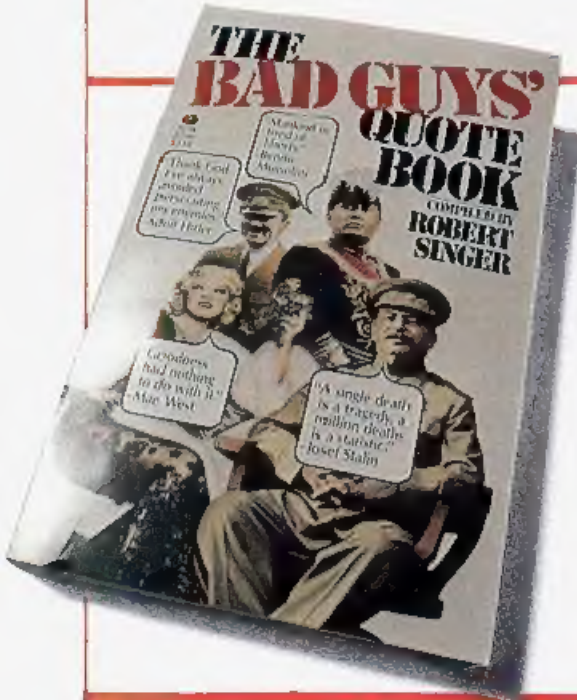
Bill Levy, our European Correspondent, sent us this postcard while he was in Spain working on an upcoming article that will examine that country's legalization of headstash. "Things haven't gotten this far," he assures us, "but the place has gone through some heavy changes since Franco kicked."

Camera Shy

Steve Cooper, whose photo spread we're featuring this month, is seen here with selections from the enormous collection of photographs of himself. At age 17 Cooper left his home in Flatbush to carve a six-foot marble statue, "Blind Samson," in Pietra Santa, Italy (upper left). He returned to the States to earn his B.F.A. and become NCAA Pocket Billiards Champion and president of his chess club (lower left). "I started giving birth to myself in 1966," says Cooper. "I am a lens with three eyes, focusing centuries of karmic momentum in an effort to pierce the human veil" (lower right). Cooper is busy now preparing to open a multi-media art gallery in New York's Greenwich Village. He also urges interested readers to write for a free subscription to his *Sybilie Gallery Newsletter*: 45 Grove St., New York, NY 10014.



Lucien Feltis



The Joy of Cruelty

Robert "Three-Jobs Bob" Singer was, for years, the *éminence gris* of HIGH TIMES, the prime henchman in creative matters for Founding Editor Thomas King "The Mysterious Smuggler" Forcade (1945-1978), dispatching journalists all around the world on obscure and foolhardy missions, setting the editorial tone of the book and making sure neither the name of Forcade (aka "The Dope Taster," aka "Captain Bad Vibes") nor his own ever showed up on its pages anywhere. Now that the statutes of limitations have finally expired, Singer has published with Avon *The Bad Guys' Quote Book*, dedicated to the late Forcade, whose supernal badness will linger on as long as healthy young people inhale marijuana smoke and exhale profanities.

This book has shocking effects on people. No one so far who has picked up an advance copy has put it down without first giggling, and then wincing, and then cursing, and finally brooding raptly, inspecting each

/ continued on page 12



Pat Pend

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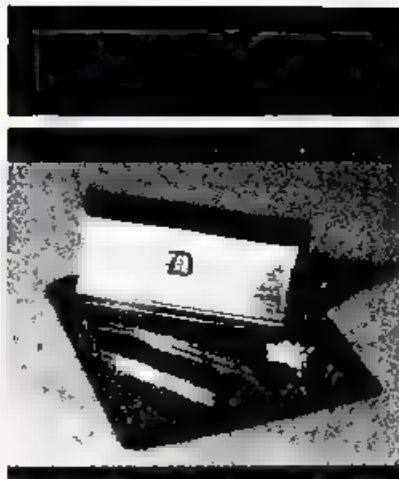
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FLASHES

/ continued from page 10

page as if it were important evidence in a complicated and gruesome crime. Then they put the book down in their laps, and meditate upon evil—which many then directly proceed to commit. There's some question if an orderly society can survive much of this, and Singer has promised more to come.

"I am a deep-dyed scoundrel," gunslinger Joaquin Murieta cries from out of the past. "But so help me God, I was driven to it by oppression and wrong."

"The Germans," reflects Winston Churchill, "are always either at your feet or at your throat."

Feliks Dzerzhinski, KGB godfather: "Trust is good, but control is better."

Nguyen Cao Ky, Vietnam war hero turned restaurateur: "I've realized, after fourteen months in this country, the value of money, whether it is clean or dirty."

When heroin dealer Herbie Sperling holed up in his mother's house, and the narcs broke in and grabbed the shut, Herbie told them: "If you guys have a beef with her, that's her problem. Don't lay it on me. The old lady has to take care of her own weight."

Keith Richards here, kids, on party etiquette: "I never turned blue in anyone's bathroom. I think that's the height of bad taste."

Mass-murderer Carl Panzram: "I have no desire whatever to reform myself. My only desire is to reform people who try to reform me. And I believe that the only way to reform people is to kill 'em."

The wisdom of mass-murderer Charlie Manson: "If God is one, what is bad?"

The wisdom of Sirhan Sirhan: "If Robert Kennedy were alive today, he would support my petition for parole."

The wisdom of Al Capone: "You can get much further with a kind word and a gun than you can with a kind word alone."

The wisdom of Sam Giancana: "You see that fucking fish? If he'd kept his mouth shut, he wouldn'ta got caught."

The wisdom of Pres. Lyndon Baines Johnson: "Boys, I may not know much, but I know the difference between chicken salad and chicken shit."

The wisdom of J. Edgar Hoover: "Justice is incidental to law and order."

HIGH TIMES publisher Thomas King (1945-1978) Forcade: "So I lied. So what?"

Anyone with eyes in their heads can see what appalling damage such books as these can do to the very fabric and texture of our democracy. Anyone who wants to help Singer along should send their cruelty quips to: *Bad Boys' Quote Book, Vol. Two*, Avon Books, 1790 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. For example:

"Old enough to bleed old enough to butcher"

Counterculture scribe Dean Latimer on the ideal statutory age of consent

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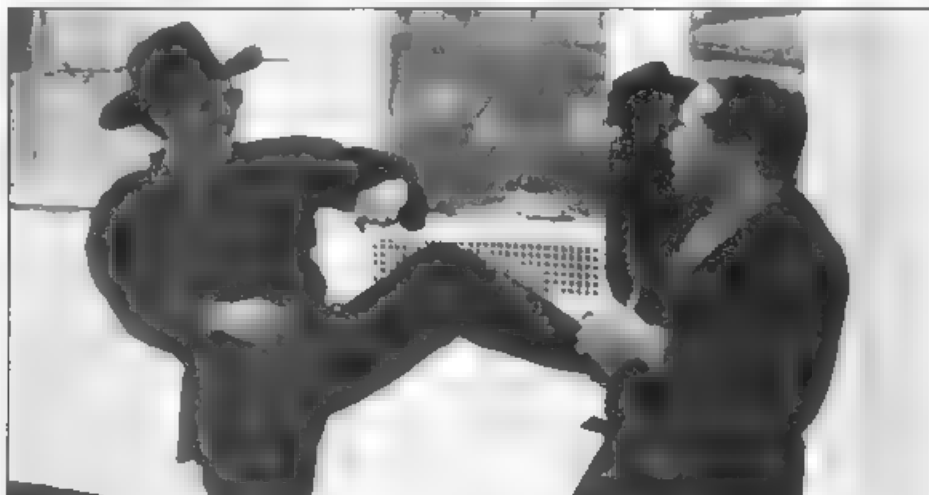
In case you haven't noticed, there's a physical-fitness craze sweeping the nation, but you won't find no Jane Fonda Danskins wrapped around **HIGH TIMES** Editor Larry Sloman and Contributing Editor Kinky Friedman.

They've been taking their orders from Moscow-trained Boris Shapiro, who was a combat karate champion in Russia before he chopped through the iron curtain and set up his own martial-arts school in Brooklyn, New York. The New York Combined Sport Center offers a wide range of physical-fitness and self-defense classes, featuring techniques used by the Russian Olympiads and more esoteric practices of the Mongolian assassin cults never before revealed to the Western world. The results? In four short months Sloman has shed 30 pounds and grown shoulders, while Kinky recently made headlines in New York City when he came to the rescue of a woman who was being assaulted while she withdrew money from an all-night cash machine.

The following action sequence depicts a typical Shapiro training session



Master and pupil acknowledge the mutual respect and admiration they have for each other



Kinky (left) initiates combat with a vicious Gene Simmons tongue thrust, while Boris counters by tickling his feet



Caught off guard by his master's unorthodox parry, Kinky grabs his hat and leaves in a huff
Photos by Larry Sloman. Taken at the Parc Swim & Health Club, New York City.

LETTERS

/ continued from page 8

and how she used something called "Greenmountain." She put it in a can lit it and then breathed in the smoke.

Quite a bit of pot is smoked around my house and my child is usually in the room. When he goes to his grandparents he is never around it.

Do you know if there is any connection between "Greenmountain" and "marijuana"? And could marijuana smoke be helping my little boy's asthma from flaring up when he is home?

—Curious mother
Tex.

We asked some docs about this one. The general opinion was that probably your little boy has a sensitivity to some particular kind of airborne pollen that exists around your folks' place, but not where you live. On the other hand, it's true that marijuana, up to the 1930s, was widely sold in prerolled cigarette form for asthma relief. "Asthmador" was the most memorable national brand, although there were innumerable local brands with names like "Greenmountain." One big reason marijuana was made illegal in the 1930s, really, was because no single drug company could get a patent on this unpatentable bush. As to whether potsmoke may serve as some kind of asthma prophylactic, keeping your child from having attacks at home, that's a tough question. The THC in potsmoke definitely does relieve acute asthmatic constriction of lung airways, by reducing the blood levels of the particular hormones—"prostaglandins"—that promote the constriction. That was settled in 1976 by researchers at UCLA. And of course, when proof of exactly how pot can help asthmatics emerged like that, the government closed down that whole area of research. So it's impossible to say whether it's the pot-smoke that keeps your kid from seizing up with asthma at home. But thanks for writing. —DAL

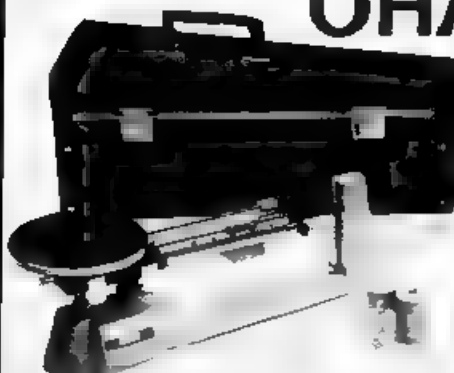
Little Brains on the Prairie

Editor

Being an ex-night-shift worker, I have many nights sat up unable to sleep and watched TV. Usually I take in the movies, but last night I decided on the "Tonight Show." Well, I sat there and Johnny did the monologue, went to

/ continued on page 16

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LETTERS

a commercial, and then introduced Michael Landon as his guest star. Mr. Landon came out and was explaining his recent achievements, when he got on the subject of drugs, and this is what's eating me. You see, he explained to Mr. Carson how "These people nowadays, by smoking grass and drinking at the same time, shut off a throwing-up mechanism, disabling them to throw up, and at the same time enabling them to drink all they wish." Needless to say, I turned the TV off and went to sleep. Sounds like bull to me. What do you think? I never throw up anyways.

—Chester
central N.Y.

Poor Michael Landon has been hanging out for years now with a bad bunch: Kathy Crosby, Nancy Reagan, Mr. T and a whole bunch of other "drug-abuse experts" who are forever discovering disturbing new scientific evidence about marijuana. These are the people who discovered that pot shrinks men's testicles while growing breasts on them, and if they can do that, it wouldn't probably strain them much to discover that pot depresses the gag reflex too. And if only marijuana really would depress the gag reflex, we all could fortify ourselves with it against creeps like that.—Ed

Think Before You Snort

Editor:
Kudos to Mark Swain and the News Department for exposing the cesspool of neo-nazi cocaine traffickers stinking up Bolivia. With such characters being the ultimate recipients of our cocaine dollars, one wonders if we all wouldn't be better off giving up the drug altogether. Seriously, between the people that use it, and the people that sell it, cocaine has some serious karma problems. I'm not calling for a boycott or anything like that, just a little thought before you purchase your next gram.

—Philip A
Address withheld

He Hates N.Y.

Editor:
Looking at the article "I Love N.Y. Pot," in your Mar. '84 issue, has convinced me that California hasn't got a

thing to worry about. You should send the guy whose plants you featured a book on how to grow buds that are good.

—Red Bluff
Northern Calif.

He Loves N.Y.

Editor:
Thanks, HIGH TIMES, for "I Love N.Y. Pot" (Mar. '84). Most people do not realize that agriculture is the largest industry in New York. We rank high in the potgrowing states in both quality and quantity. Most of the harvest is not produced in New York City, although this is where the finest imported seeds stocks are found. I have grown pot upstate for ten years and could comfortably compare my product with any other from the United States. Don't forget your success rate will depend on experience, skill and a passion for the art!

—Alive with pleasure
upstate N.Y.

Inflated Figures

Editor:
I have been a constant reader of HIGH TIMES for over six years, during that time I've found the magazine an excellent source of information and entertainment.

As a connoisseur myself, I think "R" 's column is one of the best in the book and I'm envious of his position as the "true" Connoisseur. I tip my hat to you, "R"

The main reason I am writing though, is to comment on the Trans-High Market Quotations. The Area Bulletin was and still is the highlight of the report, but prices found there, and in the national market as well, are a bit high, to say the least. If I didn't know better I'd say you got your prices from the police. Why don't you print the mailing address of the THMQ on the same page as the prices, to facilitate reader response? As it is now, the address is real hard to find when you're stoned.

—M D
Hackensack, N.J.

Thanks for the tip—we'll use it. Until we make the change, those of you wishing to send in your price quotes can mail them to THMQ, c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.—Ed.

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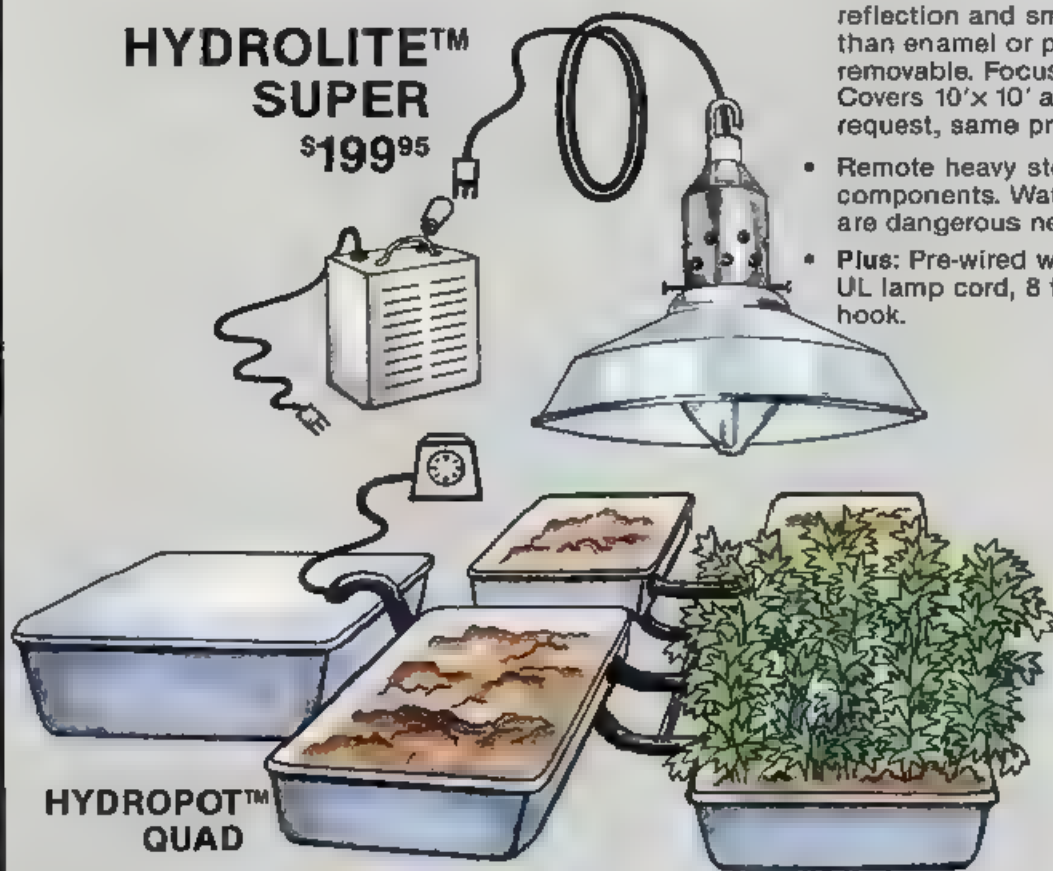
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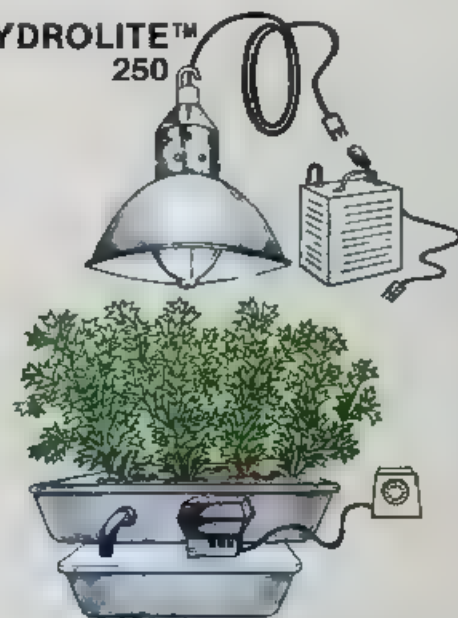
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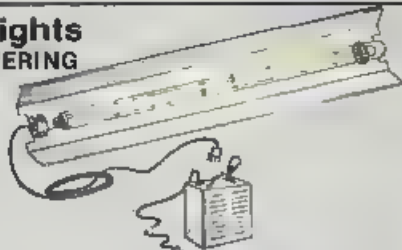
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W A S H I N G T O N , D . C .

"THIS SMACKS OF TOTALITARIANISM. THEY should be ashamed, and I'd tell them that to their faces," scolded Dr. Arnold Trebach, director of the Institute of Drugs, Crimes and Justice at American University in Washington, D.C. Trebach was responding to a recent blacklisting effort by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA).

The incident that fired Trebach's indignation was NIDA's sudden withdrawal of official sponsorship from the biennial scientific conference of the National Association on Drug Abuse Problems (NADAP) held in New York City this March. NIDA had reviewed the basic program for the conference, and had approved it well in advance, but backed out when it was learned that Drs. Lester Grinspoon and Norman Zinberg would be serving as moderators for two scheduled panel discussions. NIDA's stated reason for the action was that these two Harvard psychiatrists were not viewed as "neutral" on certain crucial issues.

Grinspoon and Zinberg are, of course, two of the most universally respected researcher-educators in the entire field of drug abuse, but they are also on the "hit list" of the national "parents movement." The New Right parents organizations, who hold as doctrine that all use of illicit drugs of any sort is innately criminal, have gained ever greater influence over government drug-abuse policy since Ronald Reagan first entered the White House in 1981. The objection of these pressure groups, and hence of NIDA, to Grinspoon and Zinberg is that both scientists have taken positions in favor of marijuana decriminalization, both, in fact, still serve on the advisory board of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). They have simply argued, for years, that criminalizing the marijuana user has little effect on drug abuse, except to compound the dangers of abuse with the dangers of the prison system.

NIDA, meanwhile, remains in charge of distributing what limited federal funds are still available for research into drug abuse, and this sort of public condemnation sends a clear message to the scientific community: Anyone wishing to avoid the disapproval of the



Norman Zinberg



Lester Grinspoon

U.S. Journal of Drug and Alcohol Dependence

U.S. government must disassociate themselves from these men and their ideas.

At the same time, NIDA's own assistant director for science, Jack Durrell, readily admits that Grinspoon and Zinberg take an "open, exploratory view" of their subject, while NIDA tends to emphasize the hazards of drug use. Durrell himself informed NADAP that his agency was pulling out of the New York conference.

Most of the scholarly community has remained remarkably quiet, so far, in the face of this assault on scientists and scientific principles. When NIDA announced in February that support for the NADAP meeting was being withdrawn, Grinspoon told *Science* magazine, with notable restraint, that this was an indication of the "increasingly politicized" direction of NIDA, but he would say little else. And Zinberg, at this writing, has refused to make any public statement at all about NIDA's action.

Dr. David Smith of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, whose Abuse Folio column in *HIGH TIMES* has earned him a position on the parents-movement hit list, has been slightly more outspoken. In interviews with two professional journals of drug-abuse treatment, he acknowledged that the so-called parents lobby had attempted to manipulate the exclusion of himself and others from public forums on drugs—because they had expressed the opinion that not all drug use necessarily constituted abuse.

Dr. Arnold Trebach is one of the few academics to openly condemn the government's blatant distortion of drug information, and he has been doing so since well before the NADAP flap. In a speech to the NORML conference on marijuana and health held last fall, for instance, he lamented, "Data from NORML is more unbiased than data from the government, and that shouldn't be." In Trebach's view the NIDA concept of neutrality as applied to Grinspoon and Zinberg is utterly out of whack:

"I've been in the field for twelve years, and I haven't met a neutral yet," he explained. "Any significant man or woman in the field—on any subject—is not neutral. As it happens, Grinspoon and Zinberg are not neutral, but they're not neutral because they've chased the line of evidence to a certain point and have made certain judgments. But these are judgments based upon meticulous research, research as good as anything NIDA has ever put out. These are two of the best objective scholars in the world in the field of drug abuse."

But Trebach argues that the NIDA policy which produced this attempted ostracism of Grinspoon and Zinberg is tainting virtually all NIDA research: "When I read reports from NIDA, they always seem to say, 'We censor the truth. There is an established catechism which we promulgate, and those who stray from this theocratic doctrine are heretics, and are not worthy of being heard.'"

The NADAP-NIDA conflict is by no

means the first manifestation of NIDA's anti-scientific bias and capitulation to antidrug hysteria. Last year, Dr. William Pollin, director of NIDA, sent off a letter to state librarians all over the United States, directing them to "purge" a number of NIDA publications from their shelves (see *Highwitness News*, Apr. '84). Many of these documents, commissioned during the more open-minded '70s and consisting of straightforward, objective information on psychedelics, were then destroyed in compliance with this official request. In the controversy that followed, Pollin made it abundantly clear that he had launched the purge in direct response to political pressure from the parents lobby.

However, NIDA's increasingly heavy-handed tactics of censorship and blacklisting may be breeding a backlash. One close observer of the drug-abuse-treatment establishment confides, "I think the academics will react, but they're very slow and deliberate. This Grinspoon-Zinberg thing is a real insult to them, but they'll martial their forces mighty carefully."

Another party, close to the controversy but reluctant to be quoted by name, argues that NIDA is cutting itself off from the very community it is attempting to control. "I think the problem is that Pollin now knows he no longer has any serious support in the legitimate scientific community," says this researcher. "Consequently, he has to go along with whatever his only remaining constituency, the parents movement, demands."

It may be symptomatic of the widespread lack of respect for NIDA that NADAP went ahead with its March meeting without the federal agency's support, and made no changes in its program. Dr. Barry Stummel

of Mt. Sinai Medical Center, the organizer of the conference, branded NIDA's withdrawal "injudicious" and "unfortunate," when interviewed by *Science*.

The conference did take a rather odd turn, though: One of the speakers scheduled to participate in a debate over the effects of marijuana use was former NIDA director Dr. Robert Dupont. Once an advocate of marijuana decriminalization, Dupont reversed his position 180 degrees with the rise of the parents movement, and became an antidrug zealot. He now runs Bensinger and Dupont Associates, a consultant firm that specializes in ferreting-out drug users in private industry, in partnership with Peter Bensinger, former director of the Drug Enforcement Administration. When Dupont canceled, because of a schedule conflict, he was replaced by another "expert" with similar views: Dr. William Pollin.

At least two individuals who attended the conference tell *HIGH TIMES* that Pollin's colleagues did not seem to accord him the esteem that might ordinarily be associated with the title of "Director of the National Institute of Drug Abuse." In describing the ill effects of marijuana, one witness said, "He would address only adolescent marijuana use—the most emotional side of the issue, which was pointed out quite disdainfully by a member of the audience during the question-and-answer session."

Did Pollin have any supporters at all in the audience, the *HIGH TIMES* informant was asked.

"None."

No allies at all?

"None that I could see," the witness replied. "It was quite surprising."

ROGER DAVIS IS FINALLY PAROLED

ROGER DAVIS, WHOSE 40-YEAR SENTENCE for crimes involving about eight ounces of marijuana was upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1982, has been freed at last. Davis, busted in October 1973 in Wytheville, Virginia, has consistently maintained that he was so severely punished not for dealing pot, but for affronting the racist power structure of small-town Virginia. At the time of his arrest, he was looked upon locally as a black "pied piper" of the counterculture, and he had married a white woman (see *HIGH TIMES*, July '83).

He served three and a half years of maximum-security time before being released on appeal in 1976. With the backing of the American Civil Liberties Union he remained on the street for just over five years while his appeals were being exhausted. Following the Supreme Court decision in January 1982, Virginia governor Charles Robb reduced his sentence by executive order to 20 years, before he was returned to



Roger Davis

state custody.

He was released April 5—his earliest possible parole date—after carefully maintaining a spotless record at the medium-security Botetourt Correctional Unit near Roanoke. When released he had served a total of five and a half years for a crime that today seldom fetches more than probation.

BLACK NONCOM BURNED BY URINE TEST

NEW YORK CITY

CLOSE FRIENDS AND THE FAMILY OF SGT David McCowan have this one basic problem understanding why he's in a military prison after pulling a marijuana "positive" on a urinalysis test. They're sure McCowan has never smoked marijuana in his life. His service record has been absolutely unblemished over his entire nine years of military service, and his performance ratings have been consistently stamped OUTSTANDING. Sergeant McCowan worked diligently and enthusiastically for the U.S. Army, achieving the highest non-commissioned rank, E-5, while raising a family. In 1982 he became a computer programmer at the White Sands Missile Base in New Mexico, where black personnel are conspicuous by their extreme rarity; his outstanding competence as a programmer helped him get that slot, as did his performance as a gung-ho, spit-and-polish paratrooper in the Airborne Rangers.

Then on 3 February 1983, as part of a routine inspection at White Sands, McCowan's detail there was required to "furnish urine specimens." The testing was done at Brooks Air Force Base in Texas, and in May, McCowan's superiors told him he was definitely a drug user. The Brooks AFB piss-test machines—operated by bottom-rank service trainees as an exercise in learning how to operate *real* lab technology—had reported that something in McCowan's urine sample had looked like a certain "tell-tale" marijuana



Gloria and David McCowan

end product.

This "positive" report was the signal for the drug-abuse staff at White Sands to get as nasty as possible with Sergeant McCowan, so as to provide an "example" for all the other troops. As nastily as possible, then, they told him publicly that he was a "drugs user," and demanded that he piss in *another* bottle so that they could "confirm" it.

McCowan, already astonished at this accusation that he had *ever* smoked pot, blew up in their faces. Their machines and trainee techs had already messed up on his first sample, he said, and he'd be damned if he'd give them a chance to mess up like that again, until he got some guidance on these machines, and on his rights.

They busted Sergeant McCowan on the spot for refusal to obey a lawful order. He was prosecuted at White Sands in Novem-

ber 1983 for that charge, and also for "use" of pot, based on the urine positive.

Presiding authority Col. William Hemmer said he had to throw out the pot charge when he learned that even if the Brooks machines had seen genuine THC in McCowan's urine sample, they could never determine if he might not have inhaled it (by accident, quite possibly) weeks or even months before the day he furnished the sample. If that had happened, McCowan may have been on leave, off base or in another jurisdiction. So the judge implicitly agreed with McCowan's contention that the tests weren't any good at all, and cleared him of the "use" charge. He convicted McCowan for his refusal to obey the order to take a second test, and McCowan was then taken straight from the New Mexico courtroom, in shackles and under armed guard, to commence a six-month sentence at Fort Sill in Oklahoma. There are no provisions for appeals bond after conviction in a military court.

McCowan's wife, Gloria, with a year-old baby at home in Chicago, was thus faced with a six-month period of no income, and since the court also reduced McCowan's rank to E-4, the family income would certainly be greatly diminished in the future. Other service wives in similar situations—their family's income diminished, their husbands permanently stigmatized in the service as drugs users—have filed for divorce. Gloria McCowan went looking for a lawyer to file an appeal, a restraining order, and a demand for injunctive relief in excess of \$10,000.

/ continued on page 25



Mountains of Cocaine: The officer above is tending a small portion of the estimated 32,000 pounds of coke seized in "the largest drug raid ever," on a refining "factory" near the town of Florencia in southern Colombia. The enormous kitchen was guarded, it was officially announced, by an armed contingent of Colombian "communists."

SPORTS TIP

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

DOCK ELLIS, FORMERLY OF THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES and currently a Los Angeles drug counselor, revealed recently that he was on LSD when he pitched a no-hitter against the San Diego Padres in 1970. Ellis told the *Pittsburgh Press* that he had taken the acid on what he thought was an off day and only learned that he was scheduled to play when he read a newspaper about an hour later.

"I can only remember bits and pieces of the game," said Ellis. "I had a feeling of euphoria. I was zeroed in on the [catcher's] glove." He did walk eight batters in that game, but no runs were scored.

Not to worry: Ellis does not endorse athletes doing drugs. He also recalled that he was on "pep pills"—presumably some amphetamine—in another game four years later, in which he started the game by hitting the first three batters, walking the next on four pitches and throwing two more balls—before being yanked from the game.

HISTORIC OPIUM LORDS WILL LEAVE HONG KONG

H O N G K O N G

by Charles Winston-Levy

JARDINE MATHESON AND COMPANY, THE gigantic international industrial combine which smuggled more opium than any private or public concern in history, is preparing to abandon Hong Kong at last. Founded in the 1820s by two legendary British super-mercantilists, Joseph Jardine and James Matheson, the company moved literally millions of cantaloupe-sized balls of brittle brown Indian opium through this offshore trade depot into Imperial China (where simple opium possession was a beheading offense) until the 1880s. When opium-pottery growing was finally legalized in China, and the profits immediately fell out of the racket, Jardine, Matheson went into Asian railroads and banking, and for the last 100 years has been the biggest corporation in Hong Kong. But now they're moving out before the Communists take over.

Hong Kong and its sister city, Kowloon, have literally been rented from the People's Republic of China since the revolution of 1948. The lease runs out in 1997, and while the Peking government has promised to allow the ever-thriving island port to carry on capitalism as usual, it's not realistic to expect that the Reds would ever suffer Jardine, Matheson to operate unmolested on its personal premises. The company is credited by economic historians (from Karl Marx to Lyndon LaRouche) with systematically dismantling Imperial Chinese society by corrupting Chinese aristocrats, politicians and police authorities with dope money. And the private corporate correspondence of Jardine and Matheson themselves, and their heirs and company chiefs, abundantly testifies that this is exactly what they believed themselves to be doing at the time.

"As soon as opium is made legal in China, it will cease to be profitable from that moment," James Matheson thoughtfully wrote to his Indian drug suppliers in the 1830s: "The more difficulties that attend the trade, the better for you and us." The company's house organ, published monthly throughout the 1800s in Hong Kong, was candidly called the *Opium Circular*. Even the Bible-thumping European missionaries whom Jardine, Matheson "sponsored" in China—to deflect British criticism of their opium-smuggling operation—worked secretly as spies for the British government and as dope-pimps for the company's directors.

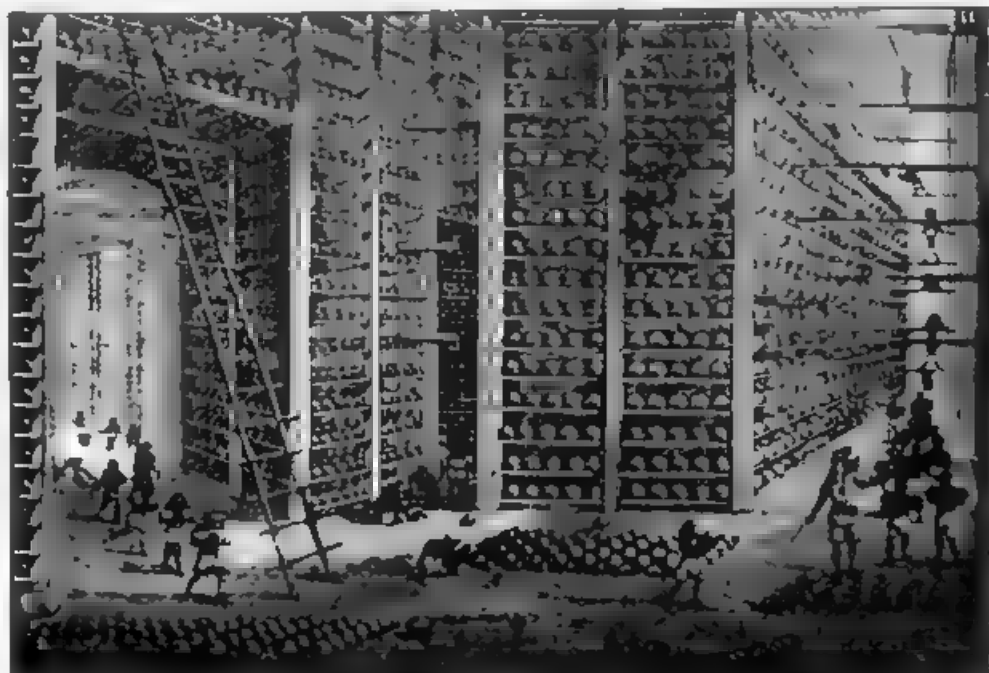
With typical forward-looking sagacity, therefore, Jardine's current directors are preparing to pull themselves out of the South

China sea a full 13 years before the vengeful Reds officially assume title to the trade enclave "I wish to emphasize," assures company chairman Simon Keswick, "the continued confidence of Jardine in Hong Kong, and that the proposals [to move] neither involve nor herald any withdrawal from Hong Kong, nor any reduction in our efforts to expand our business in Hong Kong and China."

Henceforth, the company will be doing business out of the Bahamas, the former British Crown Colony off the shore of southern Florida, where the government offers

exemplary corporate security and bank secrecy to all well-heeled corners—including self-exiled Yankee banker-narcotrafficante Robert Vesco. It is reported in the *New York Times* financial section that Jardine, Matheson's stock listings—which have taken a bit of a beating on the venerable Hang Seng index here (the Hong Kong stock exchange), ever since the "relocation" was announced—should pick right up as soon as Jardine sets up shop in Nassau.

Speaking realistically, Jardine corporate attorney Raymond Moore confesses: "Hong Kong is an uncertain legal jurisdiction, and uncertainty is the enemy of business." With this nitty-gritty statement, Moore echoed the bottom-line candor of David Jardine, Joseph's son. When the Chinese Imperial government, after losing the Second Opium War, legalized domestic opium-pottery cultivation, Jardine dourly advised the investors: "Sales of this article appear to be diminishing, and we should not regard it a secure article of remission in the future."



Jardine, Matheson opium factory at Malwa. da Fiore Nel Sangue, per Dean Latimer e Jeff Goldberg. Cesco Ciapanna Editore, Roma 1983, Traduzione. Luca Gerosa.

JULY 4 SMOKE-IN 'WILL ALWAYS HAPPEN'

"EVEN IF WE HAVE TO MOVE IT AROUND AS A GUERRILLA OPERATION," SAYS DANA Beal, arch-freak of the Yippies, the annual July 4 Smoke-in "will always happen." The July 4 Coalition has been smoking-in in Washington, D.C., on Independence Day ever since 1970.

This year's marijuana-liberation event will begin on July 3 when a "Rock Against Reagan" sound stage is to be set up at the coalition's "base camp" just southeast of the Lincoln Memorial reflecting pool. A protest march is planned for the next day—Wednesday, July 4—from the Lincoln Memorial to Lafayette Park, but, according to Beal, both the coalition and a right wing, antipolitical group have applied for permits to gather in the park that day. Should D.C. authorities prevent them from holding their demo in Lafayette Park as planned, says Beal, the march may be rerouted to the White House.

POT CARTOON RILES KENTUCKY SHERIFF

ERLANGER, KENTUCKY

THREE COPS ARE PICTURED out in the middle of a Kentucky hemp field, laboriously uprooting big, scrawny hemp plants, bagging them and burning them. At the edge of the field stands a caricature of Boone County sheriff Elmer Wright, his uniform soaked with the honest sweat of pot harvesting, bawling orders "Save th' seeds, boys! Burn th' pot, but save th' seeds!" A cute little mask faced raccoon asks, "I wonder why he wants the seeds?" A merry white rabbit laughs, "He's gonna bait the fields for doves!" And a little bird reflects, "I guess they will be flying high this year."

Sheriff Elmer Wright wants to know just who the hell drew that cartoon. Whoever the cartoonist is, he's likely the same party who's been lambasting Wright with "threatening" letters ever since, nearly two years ago, the good sheriff was busted by the feds for "aiding and abetting an illegal hunt." Herein lies a tale.

In early September 1982, 10 male hunters were rounded up in the woods near Burlington by federal wildlife agent Don Pooler. They were charged with violating migratory bird laws, by casting birdseed into open forest glades, so as to attract the attention of southbound doves, pheasants, ducks and so on. Boone County sheriff Elmer Wright was also busted at the time by federal game agents for aiding and abetting this illegal hunt. And the word went out over the county police radio on 17 September of that year for wildlife agent Don Pooler's car to be stopped on the road for any possible reason.

Well, three Boone County sheriff's deputies subsequently testified that they'd heard Wright's voice, over the air, order the stop on Poole's car; and later that day a deputy pulled Poole over and cited him for a cracked windshield and "improper equipment."

However, a few days later,

when the feds asked for the tape of the 17 September police short-wave from the county communications office, it turned out that the tape had somehow been reused already. Communications head Mike Dolhancryk said that sure, tapes customarily are kept for 30 days before being reused, but for some reason this tape went right back on spool just a couple days after it was first run. "I had nothing to do with it," Sheriff Wright said at the time.

And in January of 1983, Sheriff Wright was found not guilty of aiding and abetting in that illegal hunt near Burlington—even though all 10 hunters had been duly convicted and fined \$250 apiece. It seems to have been some little while after that that Wright started getting his threatening letters, one of which included the marijuana

cartoon

"I've got a lot of these letters I've never told anybody about," says Wright. "When people start threatening you, you have to do something." The threats are not threats of bodily harm, however, according to Deputy Sheriff Jesse Baker, who's been appointed to investigate the mysterious letters and artwork. "Most of them are just nasty, cranky bull," says Baker.

"Shurf" Wright has been a conspicuous figure in the local media, these last couple autumns, as a champion marijuana-eradicator. His deputies have clocked countless man-hours at the task, sweatily uprooting untold thousands of pounds of wild Kentucky rope-hemp from roadsides and vacant lots and cow pastures, and of course it's always Wright who claims and gets the credit

each time for "busting" umpteen hundred-million-dollars' worth of "top-grade marijuana." There is some suspicion that the funny letters and artwork may originate with a disgruntled employee of the Erlanger police department.

Deputy Baker has gone after his investigation with notable zeal, therefore. Typewriter faces in the sheriff's own office, and in the police offices of Erlanger and Florence, have been checked against the typewriter-face on the threatening letters Wright has received. County communications head Dolhancryk has been given a lie-detector test (Sheriff Wright refused to take one) about the erased tape and came up "inconclusive." "There are a lot of opinions about this whole thing," reports Deputy Baker, "but I can't say there is a concrete conclusion."

SMOKE-INS, PROTESTS, POT CONFERENCES, ETC.

The following schedule of events was compiled from information provided by the New York Yippies and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). An updated version of this list will appear each month in Highwitness News. Inquiries about specific events should be directed to the Yips, NORML or local sponsoring organizations. The Yips can be reached at Smoke-in Central, (212) 533-5028; NORML's Washington number is (202) 331-7363. If you are working on an event that should be added to this schedule, please send the relevant information, at least three months in advance, to News Dept., HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

Rainbow Gathering for World Peace (Yippies), near Mt. Shasta, Calif.	July 1-7
Rock Against Reagan (Yippies), Lincoln Memorial grounds, Wash., D.C.	July 3
Ronald Reagan Memorial Smoke-in (Yippies), Lafayette Park, Wash., D.C.	July 4
Rock Against Reagan (Yippies), state capitol grounds, Denver.	July 8
Democratic convention smoke-in: July 14, Golden Gate Park (Yippies); various other unscheduled protests, San Francisco.	July 14-20
Federation for Progress protest march (Yippies), 9 A.M., from Shatto Park to Demian Garcia (MacArthur) Park, Los Angeles.	July 28
Regional marijuana reform conference (NORML), Portland, Oreg.	July 28-29
Rock Against Reagan (site to be announced), Albuquerque, N.M.	Aug. 11
Protest Myopic Majority's War on Everything (Yippies), coinciding with Republican convention, Dallas.	Aug. 20-23

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

FEMALE SERGEANT SNARLED IN PISS-TESTING CATCH-22

POT ASSAY DISCRIMINATES AGAINST WOMEN

P L A T T S B U R G H, N E W Y O R K

AN EX-STAFF SERGEANT AT PLATTSburgh Air Force Base, Kim Bartoletta, was found "not guilty" last March of the "use" of marijuana, despite a battery of urinalysis tests which had claimed there were THC traces in a urine sample she had furnished during a squadron piss sweep at Plattsburgh last fall. The discharge board that cleared ex-Sergeant Bartoletta stipulated that she should be returned to her rank and duties on the base and be recompensated for the \$400 fine which had been levied against her. But Bartoletta is currently being told that it may be "six or eight months" before anything's done in the matter, and that, in fact, she may be found "guilty" after all.

Sergeant Bartoletta was about the last person at Plattsburgh AFB who might be expected to turn up "positive" on a pot urinalysis, because she was in charge of the or-

immediately in jail after conviction, with no chance of appeal bond. "I have two children," Bartoletta points out, in explaining why she accepted the fine and bust in rank.

However, in January this year, Bartoletta filed for a "discharge board" hearing, at which—if she were found guilty of pot use—she would merely be discharged from the air force, not jailed. As her expert defense witness, at this hearing, she flew in from Los Angeles Dr. Stanley Gross, a recognized expert in drug-analysis procedures. Gross, in fact, has the patent on a saliva test for THC which is shortly to go into commercial production.

The Brooks AFB technicians, Gross noted, had screened Bartoletta's urine sample with a commercial radio-immune assay (RIA) called the Roche Abusescreen THC. Gross, a pioneer of RIA techniques, said he'd personally tested out the Abusescreen procedure on an old-people's home in California, and that 6 out of 10 of the elderly patients had shown positive for THC. Testimony was also presented showing the appalling procedures in the Brooks lab, where trainee lab techs cooked tacos in the drying ovens for lunch, and where the commander in charge of the lab retired himself last year on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Most of all, Gross pointed out, it's "nearly impossible" to obtain a "trustworthy" urine sample for testing from a woman, because of fundamental anatomical differences between women and men. In women, after urine emerges from the urethra, it travels a minute distance through part of the vaginal canal where it's inevitably "contaminated" with miscellaneous microscopic particles—bacteria, yeast, perspiration, perhaps semen or any other number of unknown substances—which could easily "cross-react" with the chemicals used in the testing machines, and ring up a "false positive" for THC. And there is absolutely no way, Gross pointed out, of minimizing this cross-reaction potential with women.

In addition to Dr. Gross, Bartoletta had three of the top lieutenant colonels at Plattsburgh testify to her character. Her work at the base, they all agreed, had been uniformly classed as "outstandingly competent" over the nine years she's been in the service, and she is simply not the sort of person who

*"Since I hadn't
smoked marijuana in
seven and a half years,
since I was seventeen,
I didn't even think
about it."*

derly room through which all the 180 samples from her squadron passed last October. If she'd had the least cause to worry that her sample might come out positive, she could easily have switched or salted it: "But since I hadn't smoked marijuana in seven and a half years, since I was seventeen, I didn't even think about it," she says.

Nevertheless, of all 180 samples in her squadron, Bartoletta's came back positive from the urinalysis laboratory at Brooks Air Force Base in Texas. Bartoletta was faced with a choice: either accept a "nonjudicial punishment" of reduction in rank to non-com status and a \$400 fine, or plead "not guilty" at a formal court-martial. If the court-martial board had found her guilty, though, Bartoletta could have been thrown

smokes pot. The only person to give testimony against her, in fact, was the lieutenant in charge of her orderly section—her immediate superior—who was required by law to testify that yes, these machines at Brooks AFB had registered THC positives on her urine; but this lieutenant also volunteered the information for the record that her work had always been outstanding.

In mid-March this year, the Plattsburgh AFB discharge board found ex-Sergeant Bartoletta not guilty, therefore, and stipulated that her rank and the fine and all back pay be restored to her. However, this puts all the armed services in a very sticky wicket. Tens of thousands of personnel since 1981 have been disciplined on the basis of no more "evidence" against them than routine lab tests for THC. Scores of personnel are currently challenging these tests in military and civil courts, demanding reinstatement of rank and reimbursement for penalties.

According to Bartoletta's air-force defense attorney, Capt. John Speer at Plattsburgh, it is within the power of the secretary of the air force to overturn the discharge board's findings and uphold her Article 15 penalties. In New York, veteran civilian defense attorney Tod Ensign of Citizen Soldier—a law firm specializing in military defense work—affirms that this is true, but would be highly irregular and nearly unprecedented. "If that happens," says Ensign, "that means there's something very special about this particular case."

BLACK NONCOM

/ continued from page 21

Sergeant McCowan's appeals attorneys are Tod Ensign and Louis Font, who operate a law firm in New York City called Citizen Soldier, specializing in promoting the safety interests and civil-rights interests of service personnel. Citizen Soldier is continuously active in the Agent Orange controversy, and has represented people who've been pilloried by the brass for absurd "crimes" like homosexuality. The association of this ultraconventional, supersolid, midwestern career-military household with this high-pressure social-interest law firm in New York is a bit improbable; but institutionalized injustice makes for novel bedfellows. Citizen Soldier was already consulting with several marines and Coast Guard people about setting up a class-action lawsuit to challenge the Defense Department's entire urinalysis program in open court. Sergeant McCowan made the perfect plaintiff to launch a suit: he has no record of ever smoking pot, and he's black.

Citizen Soldier attorney Ensign has done extensive chemistry and biochemistry research in the course of investigating the Agent Orange tragedy, and has quick access to experts in the field. In his class-action suit for McCowan, presented early last spring to the U.S. District Court for the District of

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Columbia, Ensign explains:

"In general, black persons possess greater amounts of *melanin* in their bodies than do white persons. Melanin is a quinonoid pigment with several enzyme systems in a protein matrix. When melanin decomposes, it forms a partially coupled hydroxy-indole carboxylic-acid compound. These compounds are exactly the sort of compounds that are activated and detected by the reagents used in testing for marijuana use."

Melanin is the naturally occurring body pigment that conditions skin tone. Although it's not a "drug," melanin as a body chemical has various notable structural properties in common with THC, the active ingredient in marijuana smoke. Melanin and THC are both large, nonalkaloidal molecules that cannot dissolve in water (or blood, or urine), and which are readily absorbed into body fat. In order for either molecule to enter urine for elimination (or detection by urinalysis tests), the molecule must be broken down considerably by body enzymes. THC thus breaks down into many "metabolites," one of which shows up in urine—quite erratically, weeks or months after use—where it may react with urine tests using conventional immunological detection methods.

To detect this urinary pot metabolite—"9-carboxy THC," short for "11-nor-THC-delta-9-THC-9-carboxylic acid"—the immunoassay machines used by the service labs employ "antibodies." These are microscopic cells, cloned from yeast, with special molecular receptor sites that cause them to react with carboxylic-acid molecules, and with no other sorts of molecules. Thus, these tests are considered by experts to be very good indeed at determining that a "negative" urine sample can't *possibly* contain 9-carboxy THC, but the same experts, if they're scrupulous, will caution that these tests can't possibly determine that a "positive" sample *does* contain 9-carboxy THC, and not some unknown, nondrug substance with the same immunoreactive properties as all carboxylic-acid molecules.

Many other drugs besides THC leave carboxylic-acid traces in urine. Before the Syva Company of Palo Alto in 1981 put the first commercial THC-seeking immunoassay test—the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay—on the market, they checked it out on a dozen other drugs. They decided that a person taking "ordinary" dosages of these drugs wouldn't excrete sufficient carboxylic-acid molecules into his urine to ring up a positive on the EMIT (No independent investigator, incidentally, has so far looked into this claim.) However, spokeswomen for both Syva and its parent corporation, the Syntex drug company, tell HIGH TIMES that the EMIT's never been checked out against any naturally occurring body chemical, such as melanin.

Yet the fact that melanin's end products are carboxylic-acid molecules, with precisely the same basic immunochemical structural properties as THC's end products, is hardly

news. It was first remarked on quite some while ago by Dr. Warren James Woodford, an Atlanta courtroom toxicologist who has worked extensively with immunoassays and with melanin. Moreover, two other board-certified forensic toxicologists, contacted independently by HIGH TIMES, agree that it's entirely possible that melanin metabolites may "cross-react" with the THC-seeking antibodies in these urine tests, and ring up a "false positive." Says one chemist, "It would take a lot of research, and a lot of money, to show whether or not that happens. But the government doesn't put out money for *real* marijuana research anymore."

Extensive statistical data on this possibility may already be available, however. It's not known at this time whether the Department of Defense, which has piss-tested millions of people since their programs started in 1981, has been keeping data indicating how many black personnel have recorded drug positives, as opposed to white personnel. If such figures do exist, their disclosure is likely to be requested by attorneys Font and Ensign on behalf of Sergeant McCowan and on behalf of every other soldier, white or black, who's ever been subject to these highly questionable immunoassay tests. If a notable race discrepancy is discovered in those figures, it'll call seriously into question the use of these tests on employees and job applicants by Equal Opportunity Employers.

Sgt. David McCowan will probably be out of jail and back in uniform before hearings commence on his class-action suit in D.C. district court—the bailiwick of noted black magistrate Barrington Parker. McCowan's asking the court to forbid the Defense Department and the Department of the Army to ever demand another urine specimen from him, to review his case in the light of a recent army "blue-ribbon commission report" which discovered that the lab procedures at Brooks AFB and elsewhere have been absolutely appalling, to reinstate and uphold his unblemished service record and his rank; and to award him monetary redress for all the money this business has already cost him.

The man maintains that he has never taken drugs, and has shunned them all his life. His wife Gloria considers that his service record itself proves he's never smoked pot. "His military occupational specialty is computer programming. To earn it, he had to study for years, and take a Skills Performance Test; and he scored 100 percent on it, the maximum score." Mrs. McCowan does not believe, from the sound of it, that people who smoke marijuana can possibly excel at subtle, demanding tasks like computer programming.

McCowan's friends agree, in fact, that if he'd been an officer at White Sands, he very likely would have volunteered to work with the base's "drug prevention" staff and would have been mighty nasty with anyone who'd "flunked" a urine test for pot.

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RUDERALIS ÜBER ALLES

by Bud Bogart

For a couple of years now a new species of pot has been kicking around the marketplace, stirring up the curiosity of heads and growers. *Cannabis ruderalis*, the third major pot species, following sativa and indica, has so captured the imaginations of cannabis cultivators, that this year, for the first time, it reached the general market. It could be found only at the most exclusive dealerships, to be sure, and was quickly sold off despite a price tag of more than \$300 an ounce.

The reason for ruderalis' exotic appeal lies in its remote origins: the vast and desolate stretches of central Asia's highlands, stretching from Mongolia, down to the Himalayas, across Afghanistan and all the way up to the Urals. Most of its natural habitat is in Russia, in latitudes from 30 to 60 degrees north.

As most pot lovers and growers know, the most sought after seeds for domestic sun-milla growth come from Afghanistan. They are indica strains, and—HIGH TIMES' fabled columnist "R" notwithstanding—are more expensive and generally considered superior to sativa varieties.

The reasons for this become apparent to anyone who tries to grow pot. Sativa seeds, from Mexico, Colombia, Jamaica and similar tropical climes, find the going tough in the nether regions of Oregon and Vermont. But indica seeds, particularly those grown in the blustery reaches of the Khyber Pass, take to the mountains of the west like fish to an aquarium.

And the 'Ghanies were always eager to do business with westerners. Kabul wrote its name on the hippie trail long ago, and even today the nomadic types that fuel up in New York before hitting the road again report a bustling western community there. It is mostly the guerrillas who execute the deals for purchases of 'Ghani seeds, this being their turf and trade—and woe be to independents. The proceeds are then used to finance the harrying of Soviet occupying forces.

This just tickles the hell out of the CIA, and in the peculiar world of international dope politics, it means that the pipeline from Afghanistan to your stash box is conspicuously underpoliced. With this blessing in place, seed smugglers have had a field day, and the evidence can be seen in the proliferation of indica strains, grown from 'Ghani seeds, in every pot market in the United States.

All of which should set the stage for a re-

counting of the provenience of ruderalis seed stock, but, unfortunately, the story of its journey to these shores is still obscure. (Readers with hard information on the ruderalis seed connection are invited to respond.)

The fruits of this strain's first harvests are being tasted throughout the nation, however, and reviews of their performance tend to be deliriously positive. "Rudy" is said to be truly big-league pot, sometimes deep purple in color and capable of revving the psyche and the heart to spine-tingling velocities. In New York City, ounces were the largest quantities of it available this season, and they sold out overnight at \$320 a crack.

It's unlikely, though, that any of this exotic smoke is pure ruderalis. True ruderalis, the botanists tell us, never grows taller than two feet, is not particularly verdant and has a high CBD (cannabidiol) and low THC count, which means it shouldn't get anyone especially high. Most weed sold as "rudy" is probably a ruderalis/indica cross, which theoretically would produce a unique cannabinoid profile, and hence its own special sort of head. In the coming seasons, the price of this new exotic should drop, as supply catches up with demand, and within the next few years consumers should be able to make their own assessment of its relative virtues.

Ruderalis, by the by, has one particularly fascinating characteristic: it lives for only eight to ten weeks—an obvious adaptation to its harsh native climate—and flowers after only seven weeks. Alert growers, no doubt, are already dreaming of the ultimate hybrid: a bud-heavy ruderalis/indica or sativa cross that would bloom within two months or so, producing five or six good crops a year.

So you think you were stoned . . . A wire story out of Vancouver, Washington—an unrepentant hippie haven—states that half of 750 job applicants at an Alcoa aluminum plant were turned down because they flunked a urine test for illicit drugs. Most of these miscreants had been puffing pot, the tests showed, but other drugs, including coke and heroin, were also spotted.

And if you thought that was funny . . . A Massachusetts doctor claims that it is now possible to identify dope users years before they actually start using dope. Dr. Gene Smith of the Massachusetts General Hospital has perfected, he says, a psychological test to ferret out the future drug abusers of America.

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CANADA

Commercial Colombian	ari-art	oz	90-100
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	oz	750-850
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	lb	1100-1200
Mexican tops	passable, usually available	oz	325-350
Homemade "cake" hash	unpotent	oz	2800-3600
Afghan hash	flatback	oz	75-85
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	oz	500-700
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	15
LSD	blots from California	gm	280
Methaqualone	same boots as in states	oz	15
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	oz	3250

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds	pawn in army, rebel rumble	oz	15-20
Commercial domestic	distribution difficult	oz	75-110
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	5-10
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	100-225
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	150-200

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle typically European	oz	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	1200-2200

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	oz	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Emeralds	the worst	oz	200
swamp grass	lots	oz	6-10
Cocaine base	pure as the driven snow	oz	70-100
Cocaine	traded for blow	oz	2-4
LSD		oz	40-60

ITALY

African weed	intermittent supply	gm	4
Tan Leb hash	pale and tasteless	gm	2
Moroccan 00	superb	gm	5
Black Afghani	lucid, but stony	gm	5
Kashmir charas	heavenly aromatic	gm	12
LSD	reputedly counterfeit	ea	5
Cocaine	glistering rocks	gm	60'

JAMAICA

Seeded highland gold	gold as the sun, mediocre head	oz	5
Highland sinsemilla	solid head, great sativa	oz	25
Homegrown hash	moist and exhilarating	oz	8
Mushrooms	watch yourself, some kulers	oz	50
Cocaine	weakened U.S. disco root	oz	10

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a hay stack	oz	35
Oaxacan	long stem, beautiful	oz	200
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	oz	90
Hash	greenish brown a snoozer	oz	25
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	oz	250
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	oz	20

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Denver	top-notch too, cowboy fuel	lb	350
Boston	black Paki, horse apples	oz	265
Sparta, Wisc.	homegrown Mid-west weed, decent	oz	75
Miami, Fla.	pure and fluffy lumbro too	lb	30,000+
Washington, D.C.	bureau coke, expensive and inefficient	gm	100
Chicago	pressed Afghani hash, fruity	oz	275
Brooklyn, N.Y.	crystal meth, biker's best	gm	150
Taos, N.M.	local mountain indica	oz	200-250
Marin County, Calif.	pure, shiny flake	oz	2500
New York City	"boss black repro" Leb soaked in hash oil	gm	100-120

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	head-high by 4th of July	oz	180-300
Commercial	tidal wave	oz	1800-3000

Mexican Top-grade Mexican	ebbing plentiful	lb	600-900
Jamaican	negligible supply	oz	100-150
Jamaican sinsemilla	some supersatvas, much lumber	oz	60-80
Commercial Colombian	healthy supply, at last	lb	650-850
Primo Colombian	triumphant return	oz	120-150
Thai sticks	West Coast only	oz	1100-1500
Loose Thai	season starting slowly	oz	60-75
Hawaiian	Where's the buds?	oz	425-600
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	oz	80
Black Afghani hash	gummy and funny	oz	550-750
Paki hash	black spheres	oz	10-25
Palocycin mushrooms	dried, lots of pieces	oz	180-225
Peyote	hard to find	oz	160-210
LSD	red-heart blotter, 100 mikes	oz	1100-2000
Cocaine	prices dropping	oz	235-300
Methaqualone	mixed phones mostly Valium	oz	2700-3000
Meth-amphetamine	on the comeback trail	oz	110-140

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	nada	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	oz	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	200
Thai sticks	timberland	oz	50-65
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	500-600
Cocaine	now and then not bad either	oz	225-300
LSD	blots	oz	2000-2750
Methaqualone	bootlickers	oz	20

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western-slope beauties	oz	225-275
Waikiki wacky	sparkies with resin	oz	200-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced overrated	oz	250-275
LSD	fresh from the lab	oz	2500-2700
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	oz	225-275
Cocaine	not a big mover	oz	2400-3600
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	oz	2-4

METHAQUALONE

AKA: Quaaludes, Sopors, Somnifac, Optimil, Mequin — 'ludes, quockers, ducks, 714s, quus, quads, sopors, sopos, etc.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

CHARGES

Methaqualone overdoses can cause delirium, restlessness, hypertonia or excessive tension, muscle spasms, convulsions, coma, shock, respiratory arrest and death. Accidents can result from the impaired motor coordination of intoxication. Use can cause headaches, hangovers, fatigue, dizziness, drowsiness, torpor, menstrual problems, dry mouth, nosebleeds, diarrhea, skin problems, loss of appetite, numbness, and pain in the extremities.¹ Many "Quaaludes" sold on the street are actually other drugs, and this can lead to confusion in the treatment of overdoses.

NATURE AND USE

Methaqualone is a quinazolinone, a nonbarbiturate sedative-hypnotic chemically quite similar to other sedative-hypnotics. Originally developed as an antimalarial drug, its sedative-hypnotic qualities became apparent while it was being tested in India in the 1950s.² In 1965 Quaalude was approved for use in the United States and designated a Schedule V drug (i.e., one with minimal abuse potential). Quaalude was subsequently marketed by William H. Rorer, Inc., and after fall 1978, by Lemmon, as a safe, effective, nonaddicting substitute for barbiturates. As such, it became America's sixth best-selling sedative. It also did a brisk street business as well, because of its reputation as an aphrodisiac—derived from the disinhibiting effect it shares with all other sedative-hypnotics.

Methaqualone soon lost its status as a safe, nonaddicting sedative and moved into the number-three slot on the government's most-abused-drugs list. In one recent year, methaqualone was considered responsible for nearly 6,000 emergency-room visits and well over 100 overdose deaths in the United States alone.³ The rise and fall of this drug has been more dramatic than most, but it has followed a pattern that is noticeable

with opiates but most clear with sedative-hypnotics. Time and again, a new drug is discovered that counteracts tension and stress and produces sedation, euphoria and a sense of well-being, and raises the pain threshold. Methaqualone, for example, was initially advertised as a "nonbarbiturate barbiturate," suggesting that it had all the advantages of the barbiturates, but none of the disadvantages. At first the new drug is seen as an answer to the problems of tolerance, addiction and adverse long-term side effects. In time the bad news starts coming in and yesterday's "panacea" becomes today's outlawed or controlled substance. Perhaps any substance that produces these desired effects will in the long run prove to have a potential for addiction and dependence. It may be that these effects are too desirable not to have their dark side.

Recreational users of methaqualone describe its sensations as "peaceful," "calm," "a rush" or like being drunk. They say it produces a sense of well-being and sexual disinhibition.⁴

ADVERSE EFFECTS

Intoxication with methaqualone is similar to intoxication with any other sedative-hypnotic, including alcohol. The overdose risks are the same, involving suppression of the cardio-respiratory system, and can be fatal. One should never operate machinery or drive while high on methaqualone, because the drug can produce confusion and impaired coordination. Side

effects can include all of the adverse side effects listed under Charges. And sexual performance may be impaired by habitual high-dose use.⁵

Methaqualone is dangerous especially when combined with alcohol, in beverages or in over-the-counter medications, and has a potentiating effect with any sedative-hypnotic. With frequent use, greater and greater quantities of the drug are needed to produce intoxication, but the lethal dose remains relatively constant; thus tolerance to methaqualone also increases the risk of overdose. There is a high risk of physical dependence, and withdrawal can be marked by insomnia, abdominal cramps, headache, anorexia, nightmares, delirium and life-threatening convulsions.

FIRST-AID PLUS

An overdose, especially one resulting in unconsciousness, is dangerous and should be treated at an emergency room or poison center. Withdrawal from methaqualone addiction can be accomplished on an outpatient basis with supervision, but if six or more dosage units (pills) have been taken daily, the user should be hospitalized. The usual treatment is the substitution of a slow-acting barbiturate followed by withdrawal—in order to avoid convulsions.

COUNTERFEIT 'LUDES

At the beginning of this year, Lemmon Company, the sole U.S. manufacturer of Quaalude and therefore methaqualone, ceased production. This means

that virtually all Quaalude 714s on the street today are counterfeit. Two major components in many of these drugs of deception are diazepam (Valium) and phenobarbital, a long-acting barbiturate. Other ingredients have been pheniramine and doxylamine (antihistamines), aspirin and acetaminophen (pain relievers) and a "grab bag of miscellaneous additives including other barbiturates, arthritis medicines, o-toluidine (a toxic methaqualone precursor also used in manufacturing dyes) and epoxy glue."⁶ Obviously, there are a number of problems from these counterfeits, not the least among them being the confusion caused in attempting to treat overdoses and other adverse effects. Bogus ingredients can greatly affect the treatment of withdrawal symptoms. For example, with methaqualone withdrawal, the peak liability for seizures may be the second day. With high-dose diazepam, it is the fifth to the seventh day, and if alcohol is involved this peak can be delayed to the ninth or tenth day, after abrupt cessation.⁷ Interviews with the users of bogus Quaaludes indicate that they don't get the same intense disinhibition-euphoria they expect from methaqualone, and very often they complain of a prolonged drug effect like that of diazepam.⁸

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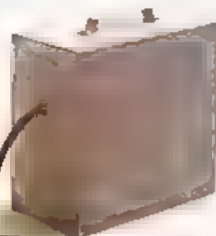
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RICHARD BELZER

For years touted by the cognoscenti as the comedian's comedian and the country's funniest white man, Richard Belzer is finally poised to break over the consciousness of mainstream USA. So what took him so long? An uncompromising sense of integrity for one thing, and a semisociopathic personality for another.

by George Barkin and Larry Sloman

It ain't easy being a stand-up comic. Just you and a stool and a mike, frozen in the spotlight, onstage before (hopefully) an audience full of people who spent good money to get in the damn door and now are getting hustled for even better money for watered-down drinks and, as likely as not, are probably paying more cash for the babysitter back home.

And you gotta make them laugh. You gotta glom on some situation that they all face, whether it's the nuclear bomb or their mothers-in-law, and give it that special little side-zinger so they see it in a way they never saw it before and it touches them, either with a reassuring pat on the back or a sardonic elbow to the ribs, and the resultant emotional catharsis comes out as laughter. It ain't easy.

Of course, the easy way to connect is to paint yourself as some sort of schmuck—the guy who don't get no respect, the henpecked nerd who pleads you to take his wife, the hopelessly neurotic bumbler, the jerk. It's easy for people to laugh at people.

It's harder to elicit laughter when the basic comedic mode is attack—which is the way Richard Belzer operates, and operates brilliantly. All the obligatory comparisons to Lenny have been made by the critics. And in this case, there may actually be something to what they're saying. He's got the same kind of passionate engagement with society

that gets clothed in an almost arrogant, cynical coolness. He can talk social issues like a goddamn university professor, spouting Hegelian dialectic one moment, then vomit up a cesspool of Brooklyn street-corner scatology the next.

Of course, his name is not so obscure now as it was, say, a year ago. Though he's been doing his stand-up for almost 14 years, he's beginning to channel his talent into other areas. Like the "Thicke of the Night" show, where Belzer was the street-smart antidote to the Velveeta Canadian. Then there were the film bits, the cameos in *Author, Author* and *Night Shift* and *Scarface*.

And now Belzer is poised on the brink of upping his recognition quotient on his HBO/Cinemax show, "Caught in the Act." But what kind of woman is Richard Belzer?

Well, they call him the comic to the stars. He was the Hollywood/New York hip film and music community's pet comedian, the dangerous, on-the-edge underground legend who either had too much integrity or was too self-destructive to even surface out of the after-hours scene.

Of course, the latter was the interpretation of the cigar-chewing moguls who book the college circuits and the talk shows and the studio projects. For them, Belzer's danger might backfire and freeze their Amex gold-card accounts.

But in 1981 *Rolling Stone* magazine did a feature on Belzer, and in a confession mode, fueled by about 15 sakes, he laid out his whole sordid past. His abused childhood, the suicide of his father, his heroin habit, his broken marriages—the whole sadness that seemed to have permeated his life. Then came the sympathy backlash to the article.

George Carlin insisted he come on the "Tonight Show" the evening he guest-hosted. Ron Howard got him for a few bit parts in his movies. And slowly but surely, the agents realized that this guy Belzer wouldn't shit on their rugs if they took a meeting with him.

Today, he's punching 40 in the face and he's traded his coke-dealer leather jackets for nice, sleek Giorgio Armani suits (courtesy of the Thicke show wardrobe department, he hastens to add). And it's almost as if he's happy now, and it's certain that he's more mature, and it's wonderful that he's every bit as funny.

HIGH TIMES: How did you get hooked up with Alan Thicke, and what in the name of Groucho Marx are you doing on such a patently lame show?

RICHARD BELZER: Those are two good questions. And to answer your first question, Alan used to have a show in Canada: "The Alan Thicke

Show." It was an afternoon talk show, which I did about three years ago. And after the show taped, he invited me to his suite and I hung out with him, and for some weird reason, I was funny that night. I don't know, maybe it was a drug or something. But I made him laugh for seven hours in a row—he was falling off his couch. I was on, and I worked it and he never forgot it, so when he got this show, he called me and wanted me to be on it.

And the way this show was described to me before it went on the air was, we're gonna have Alan Thicke as the host, we'll have five or six repertory people. We're gonna be like "Saturday Night Live" and "SCTV" and the "Tonight Show," and you can be yourself and ba ba bee, and I said, "Fucking great," you know? And we felt like we were the new kid on the block. We're taking on Carson, we're gonna be hip, we're gonna be big, and we started to do two ninety-minute shows a day for three days in a row, which is physically impossible, but we did them.

And the show just fell apart. It became utter chaos. It's like an intelligence test: The more intelligent and hipper people are, the more they hate Alan. And people have all these long diatribes about him—

HIGH TIMES: Well, the entertainers he's gathered around him are, with the exception of yourself, aggressively untalented. Then there's his stable of media circus freaks—a gossip columnist from the *National Enquirer*, a professional right-wing talk-show asshole and assorted dippy Hollywood soap-opera actresses. And people can't understand how someone like Richard Belzer, who prided himself on his "artistic integrity," could sell out to such an actively vulgar and stupid show.

BELZER: When I first did the show, I honestly felt that we were gonna get great ratings and be totally different. Because on paper it sounded great.

But the center of the show is a disaster, and that's Fred Silverman's fault, because Alan Thicke does not have charisma. And you cannot blame a person if they're not charismatic.

HIGH TIMES: Whose idea was it to add the gossip columnist and the professional right-wing talk-show asshole?

BELZER: See, when you have a sinking ship, you'll try anything. It's like bunker mentality. It's Hitler in the

"I used to go onstage every night fucked out of my mind on drugs you guys can't even pronounce."

bunker and what do we do now?

So first they had tits out on the show. Then they had faggot columnists. So who's the show for? There's a faggot and there's a chuck, and then they had rock 'n' roll. I mean, who's gonna watch this fucking show? A schizophrenic on Thorazine, who one minute can be gay and then like tits and then like rock 'n' roll? It's like, they try to please everyone, they please no one.

HIGH TIMES: Weren't there a lot of routines you had to do where you said to yourself, "Why am I doing this?"

BELZER: I rewrote some of the sketch material that I didn't like. Yeah, there were a few times where I was embarrassed. Not as much as you would think, from the way the show looks, because after a point they got afraid of me and I would take a script and I would go into the producer and say, "Babe, do you want me to do this in front of two million people? You read this line."

HIGH TIMES: It seems we can't get you to bad-mouth Alan Thicke. Who do you want to bad mouth? How about Lorne Michaels?

BELZER: Again? Well, to tell you the truth, I was genuinely thinking of calling my show "The Real New Show," but was voted down. I'd even let him on my show. You can quote me on that. I don't mind that at all. After all, he had me on "Saturday Night."

HIGH TIMES: Well, he seems to have defined comedy for a whole generation.

BELZER: And then undefined it.

HIGH TIMES: And then beat it into

the ground. All those "Saturday Night" people making a lot of money, doing a lot of great things, killing themselves and becoming instant legends. How do you view that whole phenomenon? **BELZER:** That's a hard question. Well, the irony to me is that now I'm being hired to do the very thing that terrified everyone for the last ten years. You know, HBO Cinemax said, "We want you to be Richard Belzer." No one had ever asked me to do that before. They hired me to do all the things that lost me all the work that I've lost. Not lost, but didn't even get asked for.

HIGH TIMES: But what do you see as the difference between what you do and the "Saturday Night" crowd?

BELZER: See, at the risk of being immodest, or whatever, my theories and feelings about comedy, terms like "don't compromise" come into my mind. And not milking the joke to death. And not doing an obvious joke and steering away from easy laughs. So I'd rather maintain my integrity than go on and do a really bad, embarrassing, stupid, sexist, drug-laden, fucking sketch unless I wrote it.

It's true, a lot of my friends did become millionaires, some are dead, and I used to say, "Everyone but me." That was my catch phrase. "Everyone made it but me." But now it's my turn, even though it's on a much smaller scale, and will build longer. . . I'm not sure I know how to answer the question really.

HIGH TIMES: Look at someone like Steve Martin or Chevy Chase—Eddie Murphy, I guess, is the latest example—comedians whose popularity far exceeds the talent they have. How do you keep from falling victim to that—from getting puffed up to the point where you're a walking bag of hot air?

BELZER: Exactly. That's the thing I'm terrified of and will never happen to me, and if it does I hope you guys get me in a corner and kick the shit out of me. I saw this happen a lot at Catch when I emceed over the years:

Example, Bill Cosby comes onstage. So the audience already knows it's Bill Cosby because he's Bill Cosby. And he takes the mike stand and says, "I'm gonna put this over here." Big laugh.

Now, if a guy was auditioning on Monday night and you didn't know him, and he said, "I'm gonna put the mike over here," the audience is gonna go, "Yeah, and?" So the most dangerous thing in the world for a comedian

is to have the instant recognizability that you are funny and then do anything you want and people will laugh at it because it's supposed to be funny because you're doing it.

Don Rickles is one of the primary examples of that. Where, you know, in 1965 it was hip to do what he was doing, but now he comes off as a racist, misogynist, fucking jerk lounge-comic scumbag. And he'll do a hockey-puck line and the audience will laugh like they're Pavlovian Russian wolfhounds. I'm very cognizant of that.

HIGH TIMES: Who would you rather end up like?

BELZER: End up? I'd like to start out first, then I'll end up. I'd like to end up like Jack Benny.

HIGH TIMES: This is like an essay question. Who would you rather end up like? Someone like Lenny Bruce or Chevy Chase?

BELZER: Neither. Right in between.

HIGH TIMES: Like who?

BELZER: Richard Pryor, who transcended the live performances, got into film, who can still go back and forth and do both and maintain his integrity and make a lot of money and not sell out. And it cost him every fucking inch of it.

You know, I'll tell you something about all of those "Saturday Night" people. They begrudgingly did a network television show—a few of them, anyway. There was a lot of friction and conflict about this drug-oriented, youth culture being in a network format. I'm sure you guys are well aware of the history and the whole thing, but one of the things that psychologically fucked up John, I know for a fact, and Chevy, also—is that they did sell out. They did in fact sell out, and took huge sums of money and did things that they would have made fun of and had scorned and had been against their whole careers. And I know that John, in particular, was very troubled, although he didn't articulate it the way I am articulating it now—he was very disturbed about the movies *Neighbors* and *Continental Divide*, because John was a fucking, Second City genius, rebel, antiestablishment—he was everything that we thought he was when we first saw him on "Saturday Night Live," that first year. And more. Because that was network television. I mean, have you ever seen him live anywhere? The guy was amazing. Harpo on acid. But then he's



Peter Hudson

getting a million dollars to make a terrible picture, and then another terrible picture. And then another terrible picture. And then finally he's going to write his own screenplay and that gets rejected. So the rebel in him succumbs. The reason he was doing so many drugs was because he wasn't happy.

He wasn't happy because he wasn't the John Belushi that he set out to be. Chevy has done a 180 degree. He is now like a Republican candidate on Phil Donahue, with a suit, talking like he's running for office. Now he'll talk about his "naughty" days on "Saturday Night Live," like, "Yes, I used to do those things." Everyone got jealous of Chevy because he stole the show the first year and it became the "Chevy Chase Show." And then he left and got a major picture deal. But Chevy had some well-publicized drug problems that I feel were related to the fact that he was making a million dollars to dub Benji's voice. I was over at his house one day and I said, "How the fuck can you do this?" We were medicated, and after a while you say anything, right? I said, "How the fuck can you like dub a dog's voice in a Benji movie?" And he said, "For a million dollars and points." And I said, "Oh."

HIGH TIMES: Wouldn't you have done that?

BELZER: I knew that was your next question. I'll tell you something. I don't know. I don't know.

HIGH TIMES: Two million dollars.

BELZER: I don't know. I don't know.

HIGH TIMES: You know who came out really great from "Saturday Night Live"? Bill Murray.

BELZER: He's a little bit smarter about his career than these other people. I mean, even though Chevy makes millions of dollars, he's a fucking pawn of the studios. And now he's trying to play the role of statesman. He's no longer hip and antiestablishment. Now he is the establishment.

HIGH TIMES: Can you blame him?

BELZER: I can because I didn't fucking sell out.

HIGH TIMES: Well, not yet, anyway.

BELZER: What?

HIGH TIMES: Who knows what the future may bring?

BELZER: That's a good point. But I think the reason that I'm so vehement in securing my integrity is that if I've gone this far, getting my own show on Cinemax, so by the time something happens in a few years that might be so tempting—like a huge sum of money to do some bad picture that I know is bad—I'll turn it down.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk about drugs and performing. Does the vulnerability of being a comedian make drugs indispensable?

BELZER: I'll tell you something. I used to go onstage every night. I'd be fucked out of my mind on drugs that you guys can't pronounce. Okay? I've done everything. And things have done me. I've gone onstage using every type of drug and I've embarrassed myself, I've been great, I've been okay; I've given every level of performance on drugs.

And then I stopped using drugs. Not totally, but to go onstage with. I was on the road, it was a very cathartic experience for me. I was on the road with Warren Zevon, touring, opening up for him in these clubs all over. And every night before we went on, you know, it was like "Get out the shovel."

He introduced me to Stolichnaya, by the way. So, we'd be drinking Stolich from the bottle and doing coke like, you know, Jimi Hendrix's nephews, and before I went on I had to have that, you know [snorting], and I just felt I had to do it. And one night we were late. The bus was late and for whatever reason, I had to go on straight. God forbid I should go on straight.

And I had this moment: I said, "Wait a minute. I'm funny. I'm not high. Okay."

So I went on and I fucking killed.

And it just taught me a little lesson. Because since I first started doing stand up, I always had to have a couple of drinks, I always had to do something before I went on.

First it was just drinking. Then it got to be pot. Then it got to be coke. Then there were nights I was onstage on mescaline. There were nights onstage I was on heroin. There were nights onstage on every fucking drug known to man.

HIGH TIMES: 'Ludes. Let's not forget Quaaludes.

BELZER: And Quaaludes.

HIGH TIMES: How can you tell a joke on heroin?

BELZER: Slowly. Very slowly.

HIGH TIMES: Which drug made you the funniest?

BELZER: Hands down.

HIGH TIMES: The big C?

BELZER: Yeah. Of course. It's called "the comedian's drug."

Comedian "X," a rich, famous comic, came up to me in the basement of a club—there are many famous "dressing-room" stories—and he said, "Rich,"—I hate when people call me Rich, but I let him do it—"Rich, you know, you're gonna make a lot of money in this business, and you're going to be a very big star."

I'm saying to myself, "What the fuck is this?" We just did coke, and I'm going up the stairs, I gotta go on, and, you know, what is this?

"You're going to be a very big star, you're going to be very rich." He said, "When you got the money, it's so easy to get..."

In other words, he's telling me that he has a coke problem, that I shouldn't have one because I make \$35 a night and he's got \$400,000 in the bank.

"Fuck you. Don't warn me. Get off it yourself. I can't afford to have the habit you have." He's like giving me a thing: "You know, when you make a lot of money, you can get a lot of coke."

I said, "God, I wish I had the money," you know? "That's one habit I'd love to break." If I had so much money, I could buy as much coke as I wanted. [Jewish accent] What a catastrophe that would be. My word. Oh, my God, I got big cans full of coke. What am I gonna do? Maybe I should smoke some of it. Maybe I should give some away. Maybe I should cut it with something else. Who knows what?

HIGH TIMES: What comics influenced you?

BELZER: I was always a student of

comedy, as a kid. . . Lord Buckley, Lenny, Jackie Mason. I loved Jackie Leonard when I was a kid. Jerry Lewis. . .

But I think the greatest, the single greatest influence on me, if I had to pick one, would be Groucho. Because for twelve years, once a week, I watched him every night on "You Bet Your Life." And I know that some part of him is in me. I'm not doing Groucho, but he's very much a part of me. And so is Jack Benny, but it doesn't show as much.

HIGH TIMES: Apart from Richard Pryor, who do you really admire among your colleagues?

BELZER: Albert Brooks. George Carlin.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of Eddie Murphy?

BELZER: What do I think of Eddie Murphy? I think that Eddie Murphy is a consummate talent. I think that he's grossly misguided. I think that with all the money that he's making, which I don't begrudge him because the nature of our business is so illogical—I'm not gonna be bitter because some schwartz has five minutes, grabs his dick and gets fifteen million dollars. Far be it for me to be bitter. But they should take some of that money and...

HIGH TIMES: ...and give it to you...

BELZER: ...and get some good writers. The kid is great. There's no question about it. He was fantastic in *48 Hours*. He's real good on the floor, but his material is repetitive.

HIGH TIMES: Well, they all compare him to Pryor.

BELZER: That's absurd.

HIGH TIMES: Why is it absurd?

BELZER: Because he's black and he grabs his dick. But he's not a genius. But I'm not bitter that I'm 39 and I'm hiding from my Arab landlord.

HIGH TIMES: There's an amazing comic renaissance now. Why? Do you agree with the socioeconomic theory of comedy: that in bad times people want to laugh?

BELZER: There are more comics now than ever before in history. When I first started there were maybe three clubs. Now there's hundreds of clubs. There's Zanies, and Chuckles and Laugh Up Your Ass and Bagels and Tongues and Jews and Jokes and every fucking street corner in every fucking town has fourteen comedy clubs in it.

See, it used to be every kid got a guitar and got in front of a mirror and

wanted to be Elvis. Now every kid wants to be Eddie Murphy, they want to be Richard Pryor, they want to be Steve Martin, which I think is great. They say people want to laugh in hard times and I think there must be some correlation on that level.

But there's something else at work besides that that I can't quite define. I don't know why there are more comedians than ever before. I know I like it, but I think that it may be some collective unconscious reflex that people are terrified of a nuclear holocaust and of not having any money and living in uncertain times, so they reflexively turn to comedy at some deep level.

I do believe that. That's too Jungian for your magazine.

HIGH TIMES: We have a very Jung audience.

BELZER: But I genuinely believe that there may be something to that, that there's this thing going on on a national psychic level.

HIGH TIMES: Well, I guess if you have a comedian in the White House.

BELZER: That's right. [does Reagan] "Well, I never thought of myself as a comedian, but I did know one joke, but I forgot it. I know it was a good one, too." That's a good point: there's a comedian in the White House. I think we have to get political this year, gentlemen. Anyone but Reagan. I'm willing to back either Mondale or...

HIGH TIMES: Why don't you describe the Richard Belzer persona?

BELZER: Oh, it's been done so much better than I could. Uh, how do I describe it?

HIGH TIMES: Well, what kind of woman is Richard Belzer?

BELZER: It's an eclectic character. I don't know. My director, Bruce Gowers, calls me the black Italian Jew because I can lapse in and out of all these different attitudes.

HIGH TIMES: A seething pile of ethnicity.

BELZER: Yeah. I don't know, really. I could get embarrassed if I have to start saying how great I am. I mean, we all know I'm great, that's why we're here [lapses into Jackie Mason] He's from the street, all of a sudden he's from a university, then next, he's a heroin addict dis day, he's a newspaper reporter dat day, one second he's a poet, next minute he's a pimp. Who does this guy think he is? He's a fuckin' limousine driver, he can fix the car, he can be in the back of the

/ continued on page 78

ON DOCTORS

When a man goes for a complete physical examination it's different than for a woman. When a woman goes, she puts her feet in stirrups and they play country and western music. But when a man goes, for some reason the doctor grabs the man by the balls and says, "Cough." I wanna know why. What's he looking for? "Oh, you got night blindness, huh? Whadda you got, tennis elbow? Trick knee, huh?" "Doc, get your hands off my balls, okay?" I love when doctors have the audacity to put a plastic glove on, grease up their finger and say, "Bend over." I go, "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Doc, I'm paying for the visit, right? Here's forty bucks extra, just stay outta my ass. And unless you're gonna wash dishes, take that fucking glove off now, okay, babe? If a small car falls out of my ass I'll call you up." I don't care how many years this guy went to college, he's not hitchhiking up my coolie. I'm funny that way. That's the kind of woman I am.

"I believe in the freedom of every man. As long as a single man is in chains, I am not free. You are not free. For this reason, and this reason alone, I have decided to travel to



Spandau Prison in West Germany and negotiate the release of former Nazi leader Rudolf Hess. Yes, a few simple crimes against humanity are no reason to keep a man in prison for eternity, no reason at all. You ask unto me, Jessie, how can Rudolf

Hess possibly make a positive contribution to society, and to that I respond, Norman Mailer himself has already offered him a job doing research. While the other democratic candidates are taking bribes from various unions and attacking Walter Mondale, I will be reaffirming my belief in the most basic of human rights, freedom, freedom, freedom. Thank you. I am somebody. You are somebody. You know who you are 'cause I don't know your mother-fucking names."

"Hello, I'm Don Corleone of Corleone Political Consultants. Say you want to get photographs of an opponent administering a high colonic to a congressional page. That we can do. Or say you want to encourage



a contribution from a wealthy Jew businessman. That we can also do. Suppose the IRS has your *guilones* in a vise, know what I mean, our representatives can go down to the IRS agent's house, that's right, I said house, and get you deductions you never dreamt of. Of course, there're some things we will not do... No, we would do that. Anyway, Democrat, Republican, Marxist, we don't care. We own the winner anyway. Call now, make an appointment, it's in your best interests."

The planet's gonna end in about an hour because we got a president now who can't hold his fucking head still

anymore. The thing that scares the shit outta me about Reagan is Reagan's 73 and he's punching senility in the mouth, real hard, with brass knuckles...

President Reagan is a very sensitive guy. He's got a very sensitive philosophy of life. His philosophy is:



"I'm a millionaire, fuck you. Food stamps? [grabs dick] Lick this. School lunches? Eat fucking tree bark. Okay, kids? Student loans? Borrow my ass. Vietnam vets? Wrong war, keep marching. No benefits. Artistic grants? [gives finger] Yeah, here, paint this. Here's your grant. Old people? Sorry, no one asked you to grow old. Keep fucking walking, let's go. Unwed mothers? Suck dick next time."

ER ON HAWAII:

I thought L.A. was laid-back, which it is, it's three hours and five years behind New York. I thought L.A. was the most laid-back place until I went to Hawaii. See, Hawaii is three hours earlier than L.A., so I figured the earlier it gets the more laid-back the people are until you get to the beginning of time and there's no fucking people; kind of a physics theory I have. Anyway, the Hawaiians are strange people because they have their own way of trying to communicate. I figured out why Hawaiians talk the way they do—because Hawaiians have the strongest grass in the world. What else can you say after you smoke that shit except "Hawaki ha, ha waki ka, gawaki ki."

B-NINE ATTENTION

Believe it or not, growing under ideal conditions can have disastrous side effects. With everything going for them, plants may simply become too big and heavy to be supported by their stems. That's where the plant hormone "B-Nine" comes in.

I received a very interesting letter from an anonymous contributor:

Dear Ed,

Ideal conditions are the growers goal for producing healthy plants with good yields. However, there is a very real detrimental side effect to ideal conditions: the plant grows at twice the rate that it would in its natural environment. Stem elongation and rapid vegetative development causes the plant to become too bulky and heavy for the stem to support it. The woody and fibrous material which is the strength of the plant forms slower and is often overstrained. A huge plant may grow that literally can't support its own weight. With the first hard rain or with heavy flower development the plant falls over or splits.

Plant height can be controlled by using a hormonal-type growth regulator. The plant's lateral growth and flower development will not be reduced. In fact, flowering may be more vigorous and occur earlier with the use of the hormone.

The main result is a sturdier plant with less distance along the main stem between the nodes which bear the branches. Vertical growth is slowed to a rate that allows the tissues to strengthen and support the developing plant. The plant is more compact, with reduced open area in the branches, deeper color and an overall shape like a small tree or shrub.

Using a plant-growth regulator shortens the cultivation time because it eliminates so much of the vertical growth which is just a waste of the plant's time.

I plant five weeks later than normal and use a hormone called "B-Nine growth regulator," manufactured by Uniroyal Chemical. It is available through commercial horticultural supply houses for

about twenty-five dollars a pound, the smallest quantity sold, which will treat many thousands of plants. I use a one-quarter-percent concentration applied every two weeks, starting after the plants develop their third set of fan leaves. I spray in the late afternoon after any period of water stress has passed. The plants are sprayed to runoff, until the leaves are dripping wet. Use no more than two or three applications unless miniatures are desired.

The hormone is approved for agricultural use on foods such as tomatoes. It is unstable after dilution and has a reportedly low toxicity. Still, I don't harvest the leaves I spray it on.

—Anonymous
Address withheld

Dear Ed,

In an "Ask Ed" column you've stated: "Some exotic grasses are not ordinarily imported into the United States. Afghani, Southern African and other Africans are rarely seen here. These varieties are usually shipped to Europe. They are easily procured in the free market in Amsterdam..."

Is this really true? Can a person go on a trip and get what they want? I am planning a trip to the Netherlands and don't want to go for naught.

—Anonymous
Address withheld

Yes, it is true. While marijuana is technically illegal in Holland, it is totally tolerated and there are no busts for small amounts and only a few busts for large amounts. Furthermore, there are youth clubs such as the Milkveg (Milky Way) that have government-approved house

dealers. Some small coffeehouses and bookstores also vend marijuana and marijuana hashish. The last time I was there a small club called the Rusland was going strong. The Bulldog also had a house dealer.

Dear Ed,

Can you tell me which countries have legal marijuana possession and cultivation?

—Vic
Shirley, N.Y.

There are only two countries that I know of where marijuana is strictly legal to possess—Spain, and in at least three states of India, West Bengal, Orissa and Madhya Pradesh. There are many countries where it is tolerated, including the Netherlands, Jamaica, Nepal, Bhutan and several African countries. I know of no country where cultivation by private parties is legal. For more information check out the book, *Marijuana Laws of the World*, published by Sun Magic Publishing.

Dear Ed,

In the April '81 *Grow American* article it says trim sun leaves when they reach a half an inch in length. You say don't trim. What is the story?

Thanks,

—Terry
Philadelphia, Pa.

The article you refer to, "Pruning for Production," was written by Peter Beck. Beck claims that his technique increases total production by thwarting "unnecessary" stem growth. In controlled experiments, when sun leaves were removed from the plant, growth slowed.



Bud of the Month:
Grown in "Friendly Fairfield County,
Conn.," by Stoneman

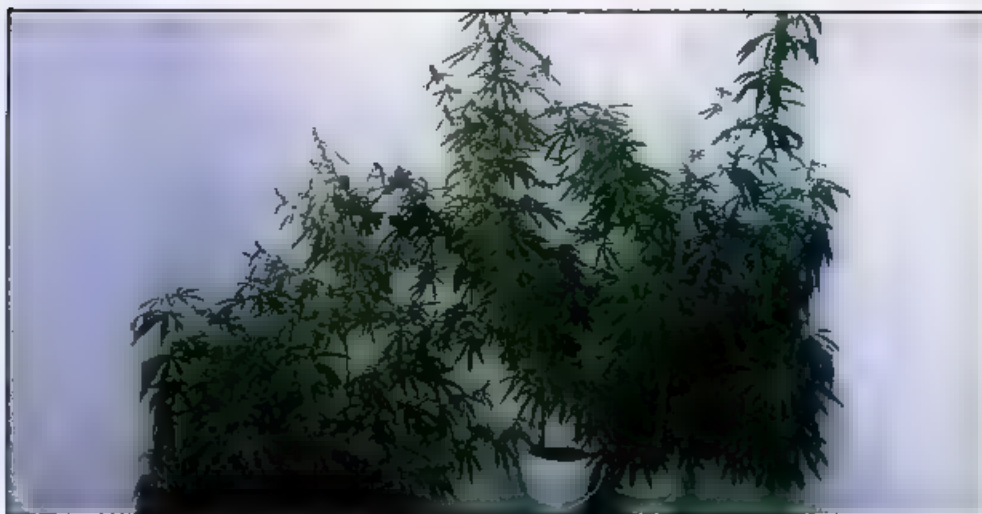
Although I have never tried Mr Beck's exact technique, I think that it actually slows growth and decreases production because the sun leaves produce many of the sugars that the plant uses for growth. With less sugar available, the plant cannot grow as fast.

Dear Ed,

I have been cultivating some fine home-grown in my greenhouse for nearly five months and recently some kind of worm has infested the plants. The worm, up to a quarter-inch long, is brown and enters the stem and eats the core out. I want to get rid of them but I am leery of using an in-



Plant of the Month:
From Ricky of Colo.: "This shorty was grown in a hydroponic unit. All buds, and only two and a half feet tall. Pretty good for a spring crop."



Garden of the Month: "Hiya. This garden is in a quiet corner of Saudi Arabia, 5,000 feet up. The parent seeds were from Morocco." A M., Saudi Arabia

secticide on something that I will be smoking. How can I rid my garden of these horrible creatures?

—Dave T.
Nebr.

The "worm" that you describe sounds like some sort of cutworm, actually the larval state of a moth. There are a number of natural ways to get rid of these pests. There is a bacteria, *Bacillus thuringiensis* (or b.t.), which attacks all types of cutworms and is deadly. Once sprayed on the plants it will remain potent until it is washed off by rain or spray. It is absolutely nontoxic to humans, other animals and plants. It is available in many nurseries and garden-supply companies. Another natural biological insecticide is composed of *Steinernematid* nematodes which attack soil and borer insects including many cutworms. The microscopic nematodes

attack the pests while they are still in the ground, before they climb up and bore into the stem. "Seek," the brand name, is available from Nematode Farm, Inc., 3335 Birch St., Palo Alto, CA 94306.

I welcome questions, answers and comments regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Also, photos for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month contest. Anyone whose letter or photo is used will receive a free copy of *The Marijuana Growers Guide*. All letters are strictly confidential. Send to "Ask Ed," HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

By submitting your photograph(s), you hereby grant permission to publisher to reprint the photograph(s) in HIGH TIMES magazine as well as any other Trans-High Corporation publications.



Special Closeup Award: Hawaiian (seeds in view are crossed with Negril ganya) "Superkiller" stash, by J.B. of Tenn.



I GOT A NEW DRUG

He really does. And he says it's better than any pot he's ever smoked, and he can get as much of it as he wants—any time he wants—and what's more, it's free. Interested?

BY "R"

I want to tell you about a new drug. A fabulous drug, better than grass. It costs practically nothing; gets you higher than Colombian Gold in a profound, lasting way; doesn't give you a hangover the next day. And best of all—it's legal.

You know that song by Huey Lewis and the News, "I Wanna New Drug"? Well, this is the one he's talking about.

Remember, he wants one "that don't cost too much" but "makes you feel real good." Well, this one doesn't cost a cent and it allows you to feel just about as good as it's humanly possible to feel. And it's all natural, nonsynthetic, guaranteed not to cause any adverse bodily reaction. And no hangover. None. The only thing you get that approaches a hangover is the desire to get some of this drug into your system every day, because it feels so great. And it's not merely a narcissistic pleasure trip. It gives you enthusiasm for dealing with complex people and the difficult problems of life; it doesn't make you withdraw. On the contrary, scientific studies have proven that it's a dependable non-toxic antidepressant that can reawaken the sense of joy in living life fully, that sense that many often lack. It motivates your best instincts.

And that's not all. It's the perfect drug for dealing with stress. It doesn't forcibly tranquilize you, it just gives you such a powerful feeling of confidence and well-being that the multiple annoyances of life no longer trigger your adrenalin-jangled fright-flight mechanism to the point of overload.

What's more, it's always available, and available in a pure, unadulterated form. No more endless hanging around dope dealers' pads hoping you'll be able to be there the one day every five years some genuine Jamaican lamb's bread comes through, while putting up with stale Colombian or soporific indica for the long stretches in between.

No, if you follow my directions carefully you'll be able to get enough of this drug every single day to completely satisfy you. As your Connoisseur, as the one man in America who knows best in these matters, I stake my reputation on my judgment that this drug is superior to any marijuana I've ever smoked—except maybe that Philippine grass—the Thrilla from Manila—that's disappeared from the market, anyway. Let's put it this way: You give the Connoisseur a choice between smoking the finest grass available in America on any given day, and this drug, a choice between spending the day without one or the other, and "R" will unhesitatingly choose this one.

I guess by now a few of you might be interested in learning what this amazing substance is. But I'm not going to tell you.

No, just kidding. I'll tell you, but I'm a little worried that some of you are going to be taken aback; it's going to be too much for you to accept. But what the hell, you're the ones who'll be missing out on the greatest drug experience known to man.

The drug is called "beta-endorphin." You get it, free, from your own body,

simply by running half an hour a day at least five times a week. Think of it: that's a mere 150 minutes—you spend at least that much time on the phone trying to reach your dealer or waiting around in his—

Booo. Hiss. Get him out of there.

I knew this would happen. There are some people who are going to take this column the wrong way. A whole new sackful of angry letters to HIGH TIMES protesting another controversial Connoisseur column. "What's going on here? One month he came out in favor of prayer. He's asked us to boycott indica, told us to give up grass entirely for a month at a time. What is this guy, anti-drug or something?"

No. Let me try to explain once again. I'm not for or against drugs as a category. I am for a broader definition of "drugs," one which would include substances produced by our own body that have yet to be declared illegal, but which nonetheless get us high. *That's what this column has always been about: Getting high, not getting drugs.* The name of the magazine, you might have noticed, is HIGH TIMES, not *Drug Times*. Founder Tom Forcade wanted a magazine that covered the phenomenon of "getting high... really high," and though I can't quite picture Tom in jogging clothes—his most strenuous exercise was turning the volume up on his monstrous speakers—nonetheless, I'm convinced he'd understand what I'm doing when I write about the runner's high. And besides, grass is so appallingly bad these days, Tom would be shocked at what

garbage is being sold under the name "ganja"; he'd understand that one has to turn somewhere else for pleasure, even if it's to one's own brain.

The brain, you see, is the source of beta-endorphin, the body's own opiate, a many-times more concentrated high-power than any natural opiate, or heroin. And all you have to do to tap it is spend two and a half hours a week going for it. And you'll soon want to. And soon, *that* won't be enough. You'll want more and you'll get more, and your mind and your body will grow healthier and you'll experience the daily bliss of a soaring high of well-being, and you'll feel generous and loving toward your fellow humans, and you'll look better, feel sexier, live longer...

These are not the ravings of a cult groupie, nor the religious euphoria of a Calvin Klein-clad jogging-suited Yuppie. This is someone who knows a pretty good range of the exquisite highs available to man's sensorium, and would choose this high for the pleasure alone, even if it took years off my life.

It's that good.

Do you know the story of beta-endorphin? How the name endorphin is formed by a fusion of "endogenous [internal] morphine." How it's been shown to be produced in the brain as a reaction to prolonged physical exertion, pain or stressing of the organism. How some scientists believe that it's the secret of the acupuncture effect—piercing the skin with needles triggers release of the body's powerful natural painkiller. How its role in running probably served an important evolutionary function. Release of endorphins allowed hunters for hungry tribes to range miles further in their search for game, and lifted their spirits enough to run back to their families with it. So the activity of running to trigger endorphins is not some suburban-fitness-craze aberration, but a fulfillment of our very evolutionary nature.

In fact, I think historians of our era will come to recognize that the suburban-fitness, jogging craze was, in fact, a drug-addictive phenomenon. All the Yuppies out there becoming as addicted to their own internal morphine as the urban junkies (the Juppies) are to street heroin. And how all of it is part of a deeper phenomenon—the desire to be in touch with the undistorted precivilized high of natural man.

Not that the high itself is Neanderthal in any way. It's exquisite, dreamy, thoughtful, energetic; it taps the deepest, most complex levels of consciousness, allows you to solve problems, to

come up with creative solutions to work and play by tapping all levels of being. And it just feels—in the most purely sensuous, hedonistic sense—terrific. And lasts a long time. Run in the morning and you'll be buoyed up by the post-run release of endorphins till you fall asleep at night.

There's one problem. Talking about running to those people who haven't experienced the high is like talking about a psychedelic trip to someone who's afraid to try it. You just can't explain it in words. It's like trying to tell a stranger about rock 'n' roll. And the other thing: It doesn't happen right away. The first few times you'll feel sore rather than high, and you'll be tempted to write abusive letters to HIGH TIMES. But stay with it. Eventually, you'll be eternally grateful to the Connoisseur for turning you on to a drug experience you might otherwise have missed.

Here's some other advice designed to help you get over the first two-week

hard part and into the lifelong high part:

—Run on dirt or grass rather than pavement. If you have to run on pavement, wear well-cushioned sneakers.

—Ease into it gradually. You probably won't be able to run a full half hour at first. Go slowly, run awhile, when you tire, walk briskly, run a little more, then walk again. But just keep doing it, three times a week minimum.

—Don't give up. It's been scientifically verified that *everyone* has beta-endorphin in their brain, and that running is a reliable way to tap it. If you're tempted to give up, reread this column and say to yourself, "R" has never been wrong about highs before, everybody knows he knows what he's talking about. He wouldn't be writing this enthusiastically if he wasn't confident I'd get really high this way and then be eternally grateful to him." □

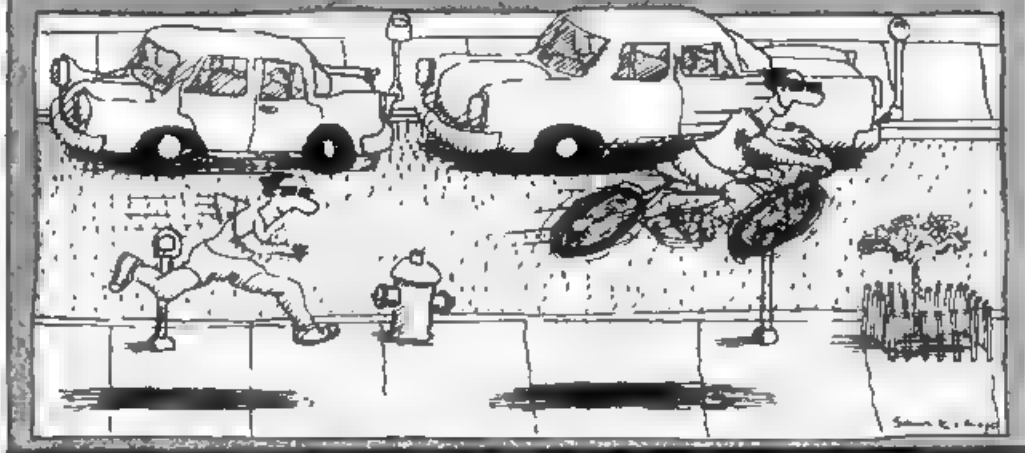
Hormonal High

Pituitary hormones in joggers

Since "R" does, in fact, jog himself, which is something I've never done since high school (when they made me do it), it's probably presumptuous of me to suggest bicycling as a superior way of generating beta-endorphin, or whatever else it is that gets people high when they exercise. But it does afford me a chance of interposing my own fond recollection of our lamented founder, Tom Forcade, as a closet athlete.

It was back in the summer of '76, and I was beating the heat one fero-

cious Greenwich Village afternoon by coasting my Peugeot 10-speed down Houston Street: arse up in the air behind me, head down between the water-buffalo handlebars, hair tied back in a ponytail by a patriotic Bicentennial pom-pom of ripped-up American flag, zooming like a mother-fucker. And along about MacDougal Street, there pulls up alongside me Tom Forcade, astride some teeny-tiny little custom-made bicycle, with cute little wheels about the diameter of dinner plates: Forcade in neat khaki



britches and a white short-sleeve business shirt, squeaky clean, nothing but his evil mustache to indicate that he was in any way at all especially maleficent. "Race you to the Morton Street pier!" he commanded, and took off like a bat out of hell, sideswiping taxicabs, terrorizing pedestrians, jamming wrong-way up one-way streets, just like I always did for kicks. Only much better, and on this lilliputian custom item that must have been a real particular bitch to pedal around. I ate his dust until just past Sheridan Square, and then he disappeared, and he never did show up at the Morton Street pier. Which was a bummer, because he owed me money for a free-lance article just then, and I was hungry.

Forcade, I've always figured, was just as much into what I call "fatigue highs" as I've always been, only really especially dedicated to it, the way he obviously scaled-down his bike to make it tougher to operate. Anyhow, I've run into lots and lots of people who like to stress themselves into blissful abstraction in various strenuous ways. Jogging is fine for it, obviously, but personally, I've always advocated bicycles: You can make lots more trouble with a bike, and you don't get shin splints from running on pavement.

It can be debated whether it's strictly beta-endorphin that's involved with stress highs, however. Anyone who wants to undergo a classic beta-endorphin experience would have to go the whole way into surgical shock. You could do this by getting yourself bitten by some large predator mammal, of course; when Dr. David Livingstone got bitten and mauled by a lion in Africa, he recorded with interest in his diary afterward that actually, it wasn't half as bad as you'd have thought. Or you could fall out of a tree and break your leg; that would liberate plenty of beta-endorphin too. Near-drowning, any sort of asphyxiation...

Self-induced stress reactions, like jogging euphoria, are likely to be mediated by numerous other endogenous hormones besides beta-endorphin. In fact, some therapists who work to wean their patients off cocaine habituation by making them jog compulsively will insist that it's not beta-endorphin at all, but *norepinephrine*—a rather more exhilarating, and much more accessible nerve-juice—that accounts for the thrill.

Respected drug-science historian

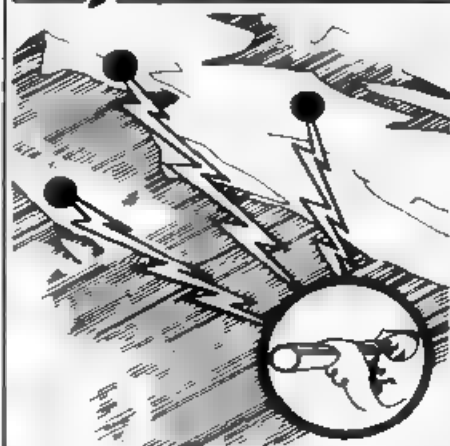
Jeff Goldberg, who's currently putting together a history of endorphin research for Bantam Books, has a typically complicated scenario for it all. "Beta-endorphin's just one segment of a huge pituitary-gland protein hormone called pro-opiomelanocortin. When it's produced by stress, pro-opiomelanocortin is broken apart by enzymes into beta-endorphin, melanocyte-stimulating hormone and ACTH. So joggers may be getting a sort of internal speedball: opiate-type euphoria, mixed with ACTH stimulation of adrenalin, norepinephrine, all sorts of goodies. Who knows? This precursor hormone, POMC, also breaks down into alpha-endorphin and gamma-endorphin, you see, which have the same physical effects as beta-endorphin, but seem to have some very bizarre psychotropic effects. And nobody's sure yet exactly what beta-MSH does for a person's state of mind, either," points out Goldberg (coauthor with me, in 1981, of *Flowers in the Blood: The Story of Opium*).

Whatever may be involved with it, the interior high is a wholly salubrious condition, as "R" states. Hell, just getting a person's body into proper shape and tone, adopting a natural and regular schedule of exercise, rest and sleep—all accompanied by a regular program of dental hygiene and qualified professional care—is bound to straighten a person out on a basic synapse-to-synapse level, just by regularizing the exchange of simple acetylcholine among one's nerve cells. And you don't have to enlist with the marines to get it. In fact, you can do all this and do dope at the very same time!

This suggestion that beta-endorphin incurs no "hangover," though, may be a trifle overoptimistic. The stuff's been found to be technically "addictive," in that it reinforces bar-pressing in lab animals when they can get synthetic beta-endorphin by bar-pressing for it; and when they're famished of it, after long periods of self-indulgence they go into classic morphine-style withdrawals. There may just be no species of biological "pleasure" that is not accompanied afterward by some sort of inverse reaction. A very great old philosopher-quack named Galen remarked on it around A.D. 200. "*Omne anima post contum triste est*," said Galen: "All animals are sad after intercourse."

—Dean Latimer

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"BUY ME SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKERJACKS..."

When the owner and manager of a ballclub don't get along, everybody loses. Except Tanya, the cocktail waitress.

It was a press conference at the office of the Groundhogs. The cameras flashed and the owner had his arm around the shoulders of the new manager. Only he wasn't new. Clint Stockmeyer had hired Larry Nelson twice before and had fired him twice. Stockmeyer was a big man—big of chest and paunch and money. The weight of him almost bent Larry under, but Larry flashed a weak smile in comparison to Stockmeyer's vast grin.

"How long's this one gonna last?" one of the reporters asked Stockmeyer.

"Well, we've given Larry a two-year contract just to reflect our confidence in him. We consider Larry the best manager in the league."

"If he was so good, why did you can him twice?"

There was some laughter. Even Larry Nelson laughed weakly as he slid out from under Stockmeyer's arm.

"Well, it got to be a rather emotional thing, both times," said Stockmeyer. "We're both strong-headed, you know, and we came upon things we just couldn't agree upon—"

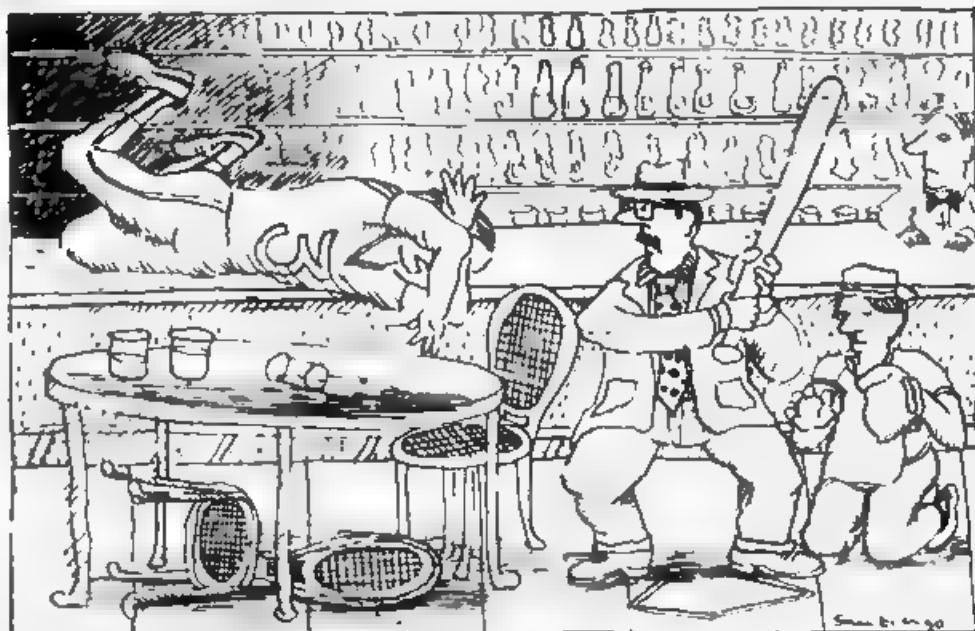
"He stuck his fingers in the pie too often," said Nelson.

"Larry's right," smiled Stockmeyer, putting his arm around Larry again. "This season Larry is going to have complete control. Whatever nine guys he wants to put on the field, that's it. Any trades, anything of that order, it will all be Larry's doing."

"It seems to me, Mr. Stockmeyer, that you're doing all the talking. What does Larry have to say?"

Larry slid out from under Stockmeyer's arm again and stepped a little bit forward.

"Well, I'm happy to be back with the Groundhogs again. This is my favorite town. I'm moving Pexa from short to third, Cerritos will cover short. Also, I'm moving Bowers to cleanup, and that rookie, Jack Lakewood, will be given a full shot at the centerfield job. I've got other changes in mind—"



"Do you think you'll be able to get along with Mr. Stockmeyer?"

"Why not? I think we've both learned from the past."

"Right," said Stockmeyer. He stepped forward and put his arm around Larry's shoulders again. The cameras flashed and the interview was over. When the last reporter was gone, Stockmeyer turned to Nelson.

"Christ, Larry, you didn't act very happy about this thing."

"What'd you want me to do, a little tap dance?"

"No, not that. But you could have acted a little more enthusiastic about things. After all, the Jays let you go. You were out on your ass. I gave you new life."

Stockmeyer jammed a cigar into his mouth and lit it with some anger.

"And what's this shit about moving Pexa from short to third?"

"Pexa can't go to his right. At third base that's not a big problem."

"What do you mean, he can't go to his right?"

"Just what I said, he can't go to his right."

"Come on, let's go to the Blue Mule for a drink."

They took a cab out there. The Blue Mule was a class place, but at that time of the afternoon there weren't many patrons about. They took a booth in the back. The barmaid wiggled up.

"Hi, Larry," she smiled, "back again?"

Stockmeyer ordered a whiskey sour, Larry went for a vodka with tonic and lime.

"What'd she mean, back again?" asked Stockmeyer.

"Who knows what a woman means?" Larry answered.

"You can't have any barroom fights this season," said Stockmeyer, "it's bad for the game, bad for the image."

"What'll I do if some son of a bitch leans on me?"

"Figure a way out. You've always got your fist in somebody's face. It's not smart."

"I don't like to take shit."

"Nobody does. Use your fucking brains. Outtalk 'em, avoid 'em, laugh 'em off, anything."

"Some guys keep pressing, they only understand one thing."

"It's you. You get them pissed, Larry. I've seen you."

"That's not true."

"Yeah, it is."

"Listen, just get off my ear for a while, okay, Stockmeyer?"

The drinks arrived. They watched the girl wiggle away.

"Maybe I'll put her at short," said Larry, "she's handled a lot of balls."

"Maybe yours too?"

"That's my business."

Larry drained his vodka right off, caught the bargirl's eye and waved for another drink.

"Another thing," said Stockmeyer. "Any guy you find is on the coke, I want him benched, I want him traded, I want him out of there."

"Suppose he's batting .340?"

"I don't give a damn if he's hitting .640. I want him out of there. I don't want any cokeheads on the Groundhogs, it's bad for the game."

"How about the alcoholics?"

"They're not so bad."

"Oh, yeah? You ever tried to hit a screwball with a hangover?"

Larry's drink arrived.

"Thanks, sweetie."

The girl wiggled away again and gave it an extra roll just as she walked around the bar.

Stockmeyer took a hit of his drink, set it back down.

"Why you gonna put Bowers in cleanup? He only had seventeen homers, Belanski had thirty-two."

"Homers ain't the whole game. Bowers has the ribbies, he hits with men on base. Listen, Stockmeyer, I thought you were going to let me run this thing?"

"Yeah, yeah, I am, I just like to check your reasoning. I write out the goddamned paychecks, you know?"

"Yeah, I know you write out the goddamned paychecks. Why don't you stick to that?"

Stockmeyer finished his drink and signaled the bargirl for another. Larry Nelson indicated that she should make it two. The bartender already knew.

"You know, Larry," said Stockmeyer, "you get nasty right away when you're drinking."

"Yeah? How about the night you punched out the cabdriver?"

"He instigated it."

"How?"

"He told me he'd rather eat shit than watch the Groundhogs play baseball."

"That's funny."

"Oh, yeah? You were manager that

year."

"Ah, here comes Tanya!"

"Who's that?"

"The bargirl."

Then Tanya was there with the drinks. She set them down. Larry Nelson reached out and grabbed her, pulled her onto his lap.

"Baby, let's run away together."

"You got any money?"

"I got a fat two-year contract."

"Maybe I'd be better off going with the guy who gave you the contract?"

Larry Nelson shoved her off. "Fickle femme, I thought we had love!"

Tanya stood up, picked up her tray.

"Don't think, Larry, that's something you're not too good at!"

She wiggled off.

"Listen, Nelson, you know her?"

"We've met."

Stockmeyer picked up his drink.

"Look, I'll go along with moving Pexa to third but I can't see Bowers in cleanup."

"You said I could run the fucking thing."

"You're gonna hurt the gate."

"I'm not gonna hurt the gate."

"You fuckin' the barmaid?"

"Maybe. Any rules against that?"

"No. Can you fix me up?"

"Does Bowers bat cleanup?"

"Okay."

"I'll see what I can do."

They just sat there awhile. Then Stockmeyer asked, "Who are your starters going to be?"

"Ellison, Carpenter, Mullhall and Harding."

"That's shit."

"No, that's it."

"Who's your long man going to be?"

"Pelling."

"Pelling? That's good. How about your short man?"

"Spinelli."

"Spinelli? Holy Christ!"

"You said you'd let me run the fucking thing."

They ordered another set of drinks. Afternoon was shading into evening and the Blue Moon was beginning to fill. Tanya could be heard laughing often, a false, shrill laugh. Men came in and sat heavily upon the bar stools, demented with what the day had done to them. They were looking for something else but there wasn't anything else. Well, there was Tanya. And some of them had wives at home. That's why they came to the bar. And some of the wives were in other bars.

Stockmeyer and Nelson sat watching the men at the bar.

"Sad bunch," said Larry Nelson.

"Yeah," said Stockmeyer.

Some of the guys had lost interest in Tanya and were looking around.

"I think I've been recognized," said Larry.

"Well, you're a public figure."

"Goddamn it!"

"What's wrong?"

"Did you see that, Stockmeyer? That guy gave me the finger!"

"I didn't see it."

"There! He's doing it again! And laughing!"

"I see it."

"I'm not going to take that! I'm going to kick his ass!"

Larry started to rise. Stockmeyer reached across and slammed him back into his seat. "Sit down!"

"What the fuck you doing?"

"No barroom fights!"

"Yeah? Well, you don't have to man-handle me!"

"It's for your own good!"

"You saw it! He gave me the finger!"

"It's all over now. Look, he's talking to Tanya."

It was true. The man was talking to Tanya. And Tanya was bending over him, smiling, as if the man were saying charming and inventive things.

"That whore's got a brain so small, if you x-rayed it it wouldn't show on the plates," said Larry.

"But what an ass!" said Stockmeyer.

"True," said Larry.

"I think we need another left-handed-hitting outfielder," said Stockmeyer.

"That's true. Get me one. Somebody under thirty-five, huh?"

"I'll work on it."

Larry drained his drink, set it down. "Look! That son of a bitch is giving me the finger again!"

"Ignore it. You're a public figure."

"Ignore it, my ass! I'm going to bust him up!"

Larry started to rise. Stockmeyer slammed him back into his seat.

Larry looked at him.

"Don't do that again, fat boy."

"It's for your own good."

"I'll take care of my own good... Look! He's doing it again!"

Larry jumped up. Stockmeyer leaped up to slam him down again but Larry shot a right. It cracked against Stockmeyer's chin. He flopped back into the booth, then twisted left and fell out upon

/ continued on page 84



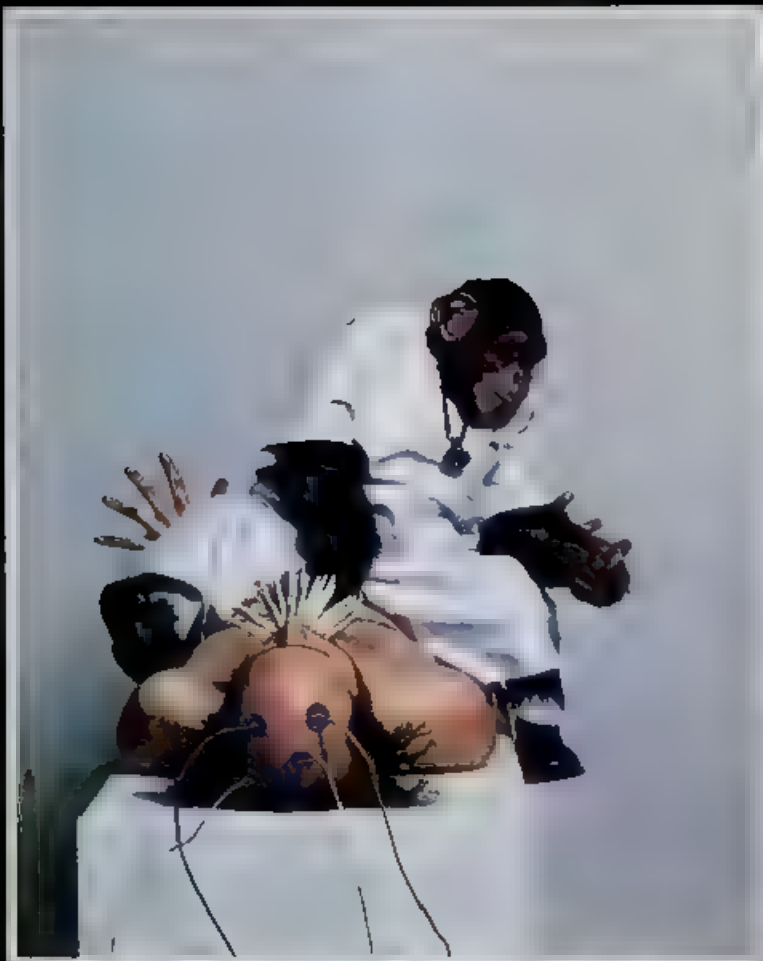
Having spent 25 years on the psychic path of self-discovery, Cooper says, "These self-portraits are a bread-crumbs trail that I can follow back to my roots."

FROM THE SECRET SCRAPBOOKS OF STEVE COOPER, DOPE PHOTOGRAPHER, PART II

Legitimate artist-photographer, hard-boiled shooter of the world's best "merch," Steve Cooper is a man of many faces. In this, the second excerpt from his notorious Scrapbooks, he takes us behind the scenes of some of our most memorable pictorials.

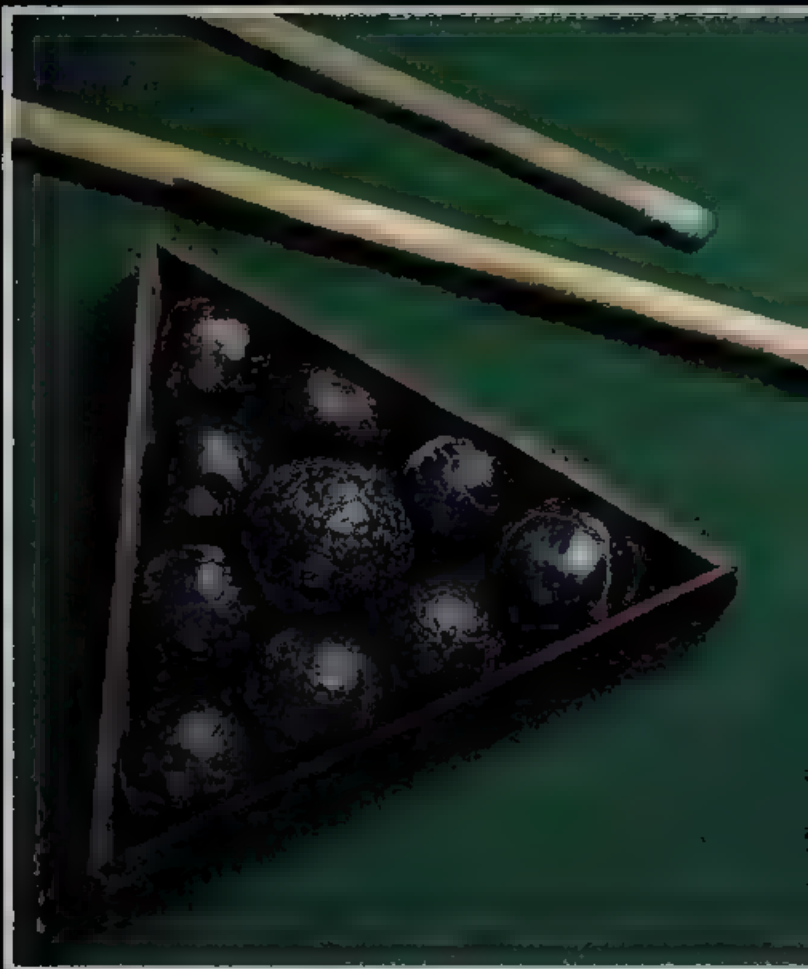


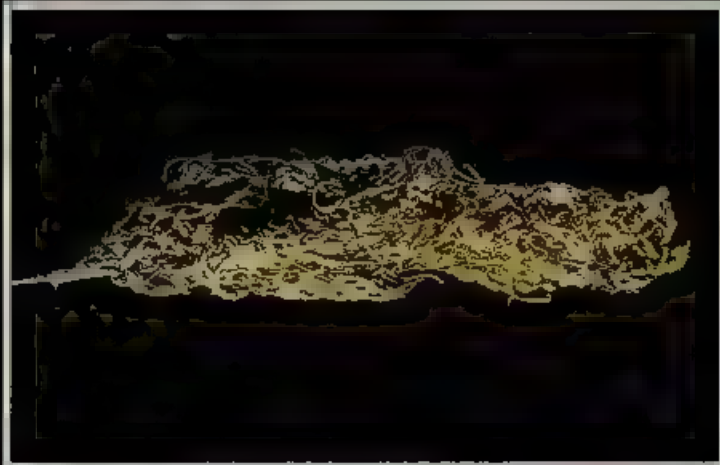
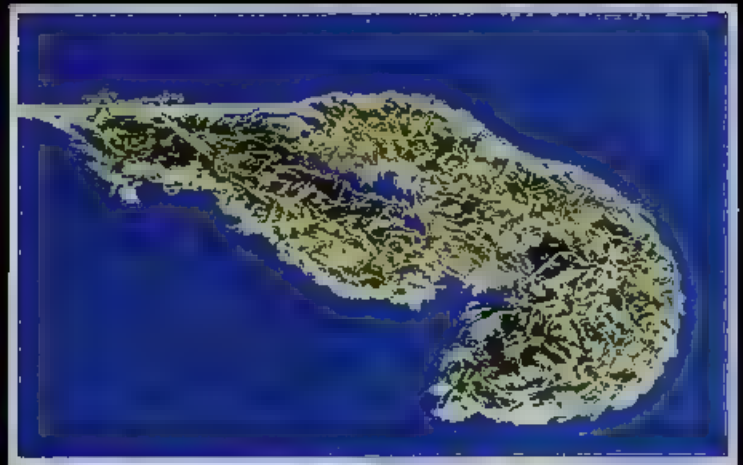
November '77—"That's 300 pounds of primo Colombian Cheeba Cheeba you see there. The stuff came packed in huge barrels which we emptied onto the floor to get this shot. The next day I got a frantic call from HIGH TIMES: 'The guy whose stuff it was says it came back six pounds light and what are you going to do about it, Cooper? He sounds real mean.' Now, nobody had hit off that merch. You didn't have to. There was so much high-grade lunabo in that room that you got stoned just looking at it. But I wasn't about to argue the point with anyone who had enough muscle to move 300 pounds of dope around town like so many loose joints. So I got a scientist friend to sign a bunch of affidavits saying that six pounds of moisture evaporated from the buds during the shoot. This was back in the days when an ounce was going for \$50—so we're talking here about \$4,800 worth of moisture. It took me over a week to straighten the whole thing out—I'm still into this guy for two bar mitzvahs and a wedding."



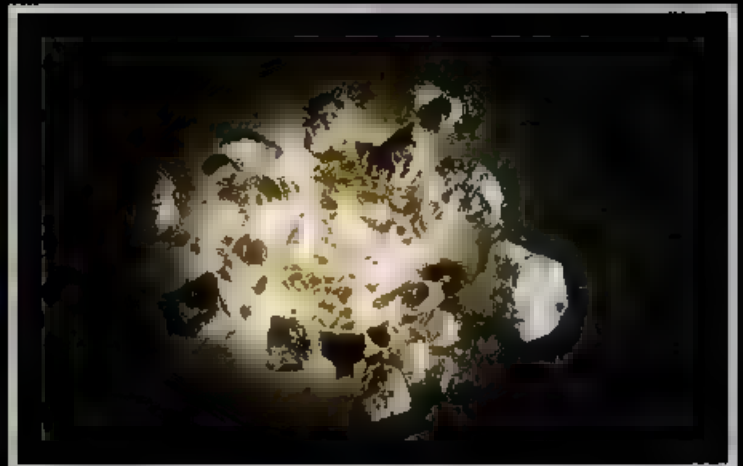
April '79—"The chimp cost me \$350 an hour plus some of the most vicious welts, bites and bruises this side of the Hellfire Club. Yeah, that's me on the table. The setup called for a bullet head (you could see the electrodes better that way), so I instructed my assistant to strap me down and start shooting. The gimmick here was to parody all those research docs who were trying to prove that pot kills people by torturing monkeys. A funny idea, but somebody forgot to tell the chimp. The beast came at me like a four-armed bantamweight—all sinew and bone and smelly saliva spit in my face. Later, I realized it was the joints sticking out of my mouth that was scaring the banana juice out of him."

April '78—"Pool is the best damn game there is and playin' pool with Nepalese Temple Balls brings together the two things I love best in life. People say I'm a better pool player than a photographer. Yeah, well, people say a lot of things. But the fact is, that by the time I was fifteen years old I was hustling guys three times my age, having them foot the bill for my photography lessons. In fact, if I didn't think you'd take it the wrong way, I'd admit to being the NCAA Pocket Billiards Champion of 1964. Anyway, after I ran this table we pulled the eight-ball apart and got real mellow. Like I said, the two best things in the world."





June '79—"The guy who grew this stuff acted like it was the crown jewels, so that's the way I shot it. He was wringing his hands, worried sick that I was going to damage his buds. 'Aren't those lights a little too close, Cooper?' he'd whine. 'Don't you think we better put them back in the bag now, the curl is beginning to come out of the one on the left.' The merch had come from Hawaii and I actually had to ask the guy—he never offered—for a hit off it. I'd like to say it stunk, but it didn't. After a couple of tokes I was as ga-ga over that grass as he was."



1981 Calendar—"This was brutal blow. Punishing biker coke labbed in a central Florida slaughterhouse and muled up North by trigger-happy *Somozaistas* killin' time till the CIA put them back into whatever shithole they use in Nicaragua for a White House. You needed stainless-steel nostrils to suck the stuff back and a concrete chest cavity to keep your heart from exploding once it got into your bloodstream. This ha-ha powder really worked you over. It was like it had teeth."

First Time Published—“Some guy with a face like Peter Lorre and a voice like Sidney Greenstreet—you heard right—brought this incredible Afghani-Thai merch up to my studio one night. He told me to hurry up and lock the door. Then he went over to look out the window. Satisfied that no one was following him, he drew down my blackout shades. Then he peeked out the window one more time: You have exactly twenty minutes to photograph this cannabis, Mr. Cooper, he said, then I must be on my way. I’ve been around long enough to know that with a bird like this questions are useless, so I laid his stuff out on my dining-room table and grabbed the first prop I could find—a psychological self-portrait I did as a kid. I remember jamming every ounce of my adolescent torment into that face, and it showed. I stuck a joint in the mouth to take the edge off the teenage angst, flicked the light switch and made a single exposure. The guy packed up his merch and split. End of story.”





"THE HASHISH COOKBOOK"

A selection of some of the most exotic controlled-substances recipes gathered from around the world. Now you'll be able to spread Bhang Butter on your morning toast and wash it down with a Betel Nut Malted. by Panama Rose; photos by Ira Cohen

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Cookbooks come and go, but when *The Hashish Cookbook* first bubbled up in 1966 it became an instant classic. Xeroxed copies were smuggled cross-country in the backpacks of brownie-chomping hippies. Overseas the book was translated into a dozen tongues, and bakeshops were opened all over Europe that offered its realized recipes.

Ira Cohen, the jet-set lensman and countercultural bon vivant, was responsible for the cookbook when, after a fortuitous meeting with the mysterious Panama Rose, he cajoled her to commit these ancient, time-tested recipes to paper. Before its publication these brain-boggling blueprints were transmitted by whispers, from the inner sanctums of the Casbah to the steam rooms of the Lower East Side. Every recipe that follows is authentic. So melt down your butter, get out the pots and open sesame!

MOROCCAN MAJOON

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup or so of clean kif in a dry, heavy iron skillet over a slow fire. Toast to a golden brown, turning constantly with a knife so it doesn't burn. Pound the kif to a fine powder with a mortar and pestle. Add:

- 1 cup finely chopped dates
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each ground almonds and walnuts
- 1 cup chopped figs
- 1 tsp. freshly ground ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 whole freshly grated nutmeg
- 1 tbs. ground anise seed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey

Mix all ingredients and cook together with about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water until the fruits have softened and blended together,



then let the water evaporate. Melt 2 tbs. butter in a skillet over a low flame. Add the mixture and stir for five minutes. Taste. If the majoon is not sweet enough add more honey and heat again. Let cool. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange-flower water. Store in an airtight container. A heaping tbs. per person should be enough. Serve with hot mint tea.

For variety, the majoon can be enclosed in this pastry:

- 4 cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup softened butter
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup honey

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into a bowl. Make a well in the center and place butter, eggs and honey in it.

Work together with the hands to form a dough. Roll out and cut into 4-inch squares. Place a heaping tbs. majoon on each and fold into a triangle, sealing the edges. Bake in a 350° oven for 20 minutes or until browned. Makes about 3 dozen. This pastry can also be filled with the following filling, in order to make a kind of *Hashish Hamantashen*:

- 2 cups prune butter
- $\frac{1}{8}$ oz. powdered hashish
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground almonds
- 1 tbs. grated lemon rind
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cinnamon

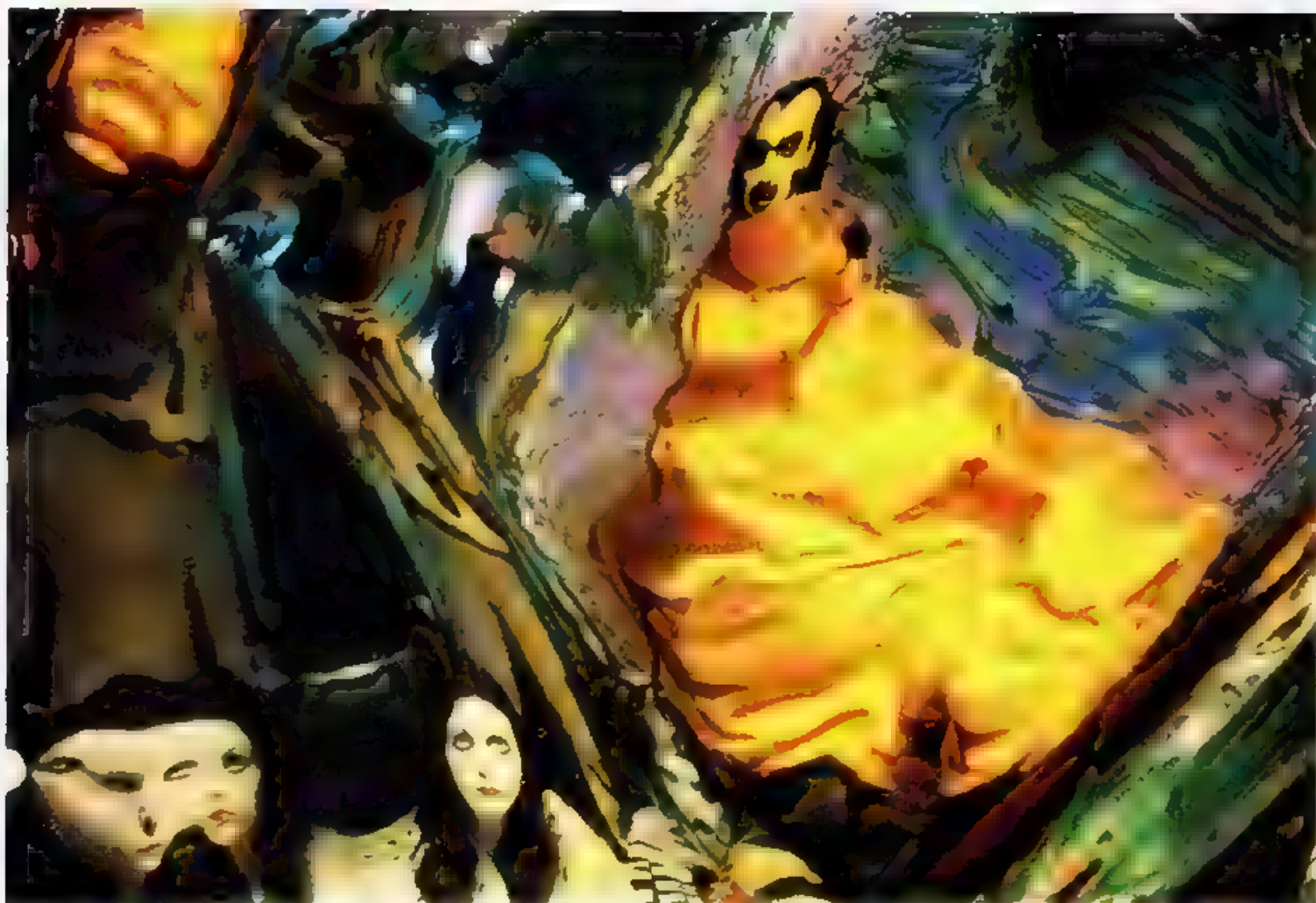
Mix together very carefully.

AN APHRODISIAC

- 1 tbs. fragrant unground mace
- 2 cantharides beetles
- 1 rounded tsp. fresh red saffron
- 1 tsp. Grains of Paradise

Pound these ingredients in a brass mortar, then mix with a pint of water. Bring to a boil, then lower the flame and let simmer for half an hour. Bring to a boil again and reduce to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup liquid. Strain this and add to Majoon. Be careful to mix the liquid evenly throughout. Never exceed 2 cantharides, as this could be dangerous. This aphrodisiac is all right for two if the liquid is mixed with, for example, a large amount of curried rice.

Small amounts of water-extract made by boiling the leaves, blossoms or seed pods of *Datura stramonium* might be mixed with the basic Majoon, or even the White Cookie recipe. Then the effect would be to make the victim suggestible to whatever is desired. The



grated skin of a dried desert lizard can be used instead of cantharides beetles. Extract of mandrake root and opium also open the mind and relax the body.

TEA

Tie a tbs. or so of uncleaned grass in a piece of muslin or cheesecloth. Put some water on to boil for tea. Add the grass tied up in the cloth bag and when it comes to a boil, pour both water and bag into a teapot containing preferably mint or some kind of green tea. Let steep for at least five minutes, add plenty of sugar and serve. Tea can also be made from freshly picked grass.

HARD CANDY

Powder $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grass with a mortar and pestle. Add water little by little to form a full cup of smooth liquid. Strain through a cloth and mix with: 4 cups sugar and 2 cups light corn syrup. In a large heavy pot cook to 310° (use a candy thermometer). Remove from the stove, let stand for a few minutes and stir in a little mint flavoring, if desired. Pour onto a cool, oiled piece of marble. When it cools slightly, make lines with a knife to form squares. Loosen the bottom of the candy with

the knife. When it's cold and hard, break into squares. This candy will be green and not very tasty. Other coloring may be added with vegetable dyes, as is done in Andalusia.

HASHISH HARRERA

Harrera is a Moroccan soup traditionally served to break the fast of Ramadan. My maid once mistook some brown powder in the mortar for ground pepper, and tossed it into the soup. This recipe is the result of that accident:

Chop an onion very fine with a small bunch of green coriander (or parsley if coriander is not available), a parsnip and a few celery tops. Cover the bottom of a big pot with $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch good olive oil. Optional: add a little meat, diced small, chicken parts (gizzards, heart, liver). Leave the vegetables and meat to simmer in the oil for about $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, watching that it does not burn. Add a pint and a half water, and simmer until the meat is tender. Add 3 tbs. canned tomato paste, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned cooked chick-peas. Add 2 oz. fine vermicelli. Mix 2 oz. flour or fine semolina with a cup of water to make a smooth, thin paste; pour in, stirring

all the while. Add a tbs. paprika, a tsp. turmeric, salt and pepper, and 1 tsp. powdered hashish. Boil for 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Remove from the fire and immediately pour in 2 beaten eggs. Stir, and serve at once. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. smen (rancid butter) and a pinch of cinnamon in each bowl. Serve with lemon wedges.

THE WHITE COOKY

This is a recipe for the famous White Cooky of Marrakesh. The secret method for extracting the essence of kif into butter is also known in India, where the extract is called the Sacred Ghee. If it is made carefully, the cooky will be odorless, tasteless and innocent-looking.

Bring to a boil a very large pot of water and 1 lb. butter. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of kif on the stalk (not too dry). Leave to simmer over a low flame for at least 6 hours, stirring occasionally and being careful not to let the water boil away. Add more water if necessary. Strain the hot mixture into an even larger pot. Pour boiling water over the stalks several times to remove any butter still clinging to them and

strain again. Discard the kif. Let the liquid stand until cold (refrigerate) and skim off the butter which will have solidified on top. Discard the water. Reheat the butter and strain through a fine strainer. Leave the butter to cool and solidify. The extract is now ready to use in the following recipe:

Cream together:

- 1 cup soft butter extract
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

Then beat in:

- 1 egg

Stir in:

- 3 tsp. vanilla or almond extract

Sift together:

- 3 cups sifted flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. baking powder

SEED FRITTERS

For a weird breakfast, lightly toast $\frac{1}{4}$ cup seeds in a heavy iron skillet, then add them to this batter:

- 1 cup packaged buckwheat pancake mix
- 1 egg
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 tbs. melted butter

Stir together until smooth. Heat the skillet, add a little butter, then pour in some batter. Turn the fritter when it starts to look done around the edges. Repeat until all the batter is used. Serve with maple syrup or honey. Enough for three people, it's a good way to start the day. If you don't like crunchy food, use ground-up seeds.

BETEL NUT MALTED

Put 3 or 4 betel nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. grass, half a banana, a heaping tbs. malted milk, a few spoonfuls sugar and 8 oz. milk in a Waring blender. Leave on high speed for a couple of minutes. Strain. Serve in small glasses. A stimulating drink which can be made very well without the grass.

HASH BROWNIES

Hashish and chocolate are a fine combination.

Pulverize 5 gm. of top-quality hash. Melt over hot water:

- 2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter

Add the hash. Beat in:

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs

Sift together and stir in:

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cake flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Mix in:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts

Bake for 30 minutes in an 8-inch-square greased pan. When cool, spread with chocolate icing and top with half walnuts. Cut into tiny squares. Nibble with caution.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Combine the following ingredients:

- 1 cup clean, powdered kif
- 1 cup grated raw carrots
- 1 cup grated raw potatoes
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cloves
- 1 rounded tbs. butter

Steam for 3 hours in a mold. Top with candied cherries.

FUDGE

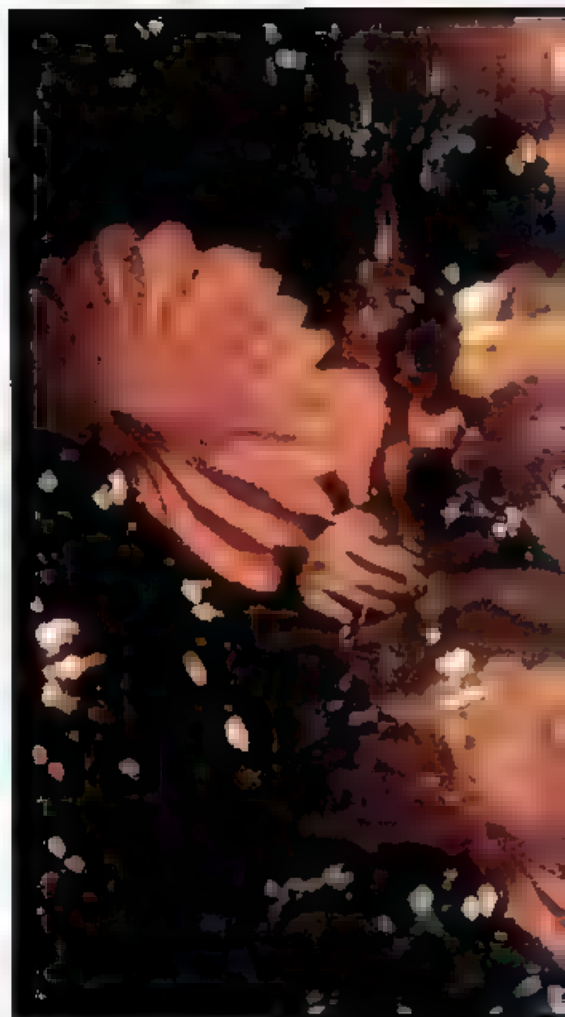
Lightly toast $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grass (more or less) in a heavy iron skillet. Be careful not to burn it. Powder it, and cook with any recipe for chocolate nut fudge (which is not included in this book because it is such a long, complicated operation), but replace the nuts with an equal quantity of shredded candied orange peel.

SOME INDIAN RECIPES:

Take 2 qts. milk, put into it 2 lbs. ganja leaves and boil till the liquid is reduced to 3 lbs. Take out the leaves and coagulate the milk by adding a little sour milk. Next day, churn it and separate the butter, adding 3 dr. each of cloves, nutmeg, mace, saffron, 15 dr. of sugar candy, and boil it until it forms an electuary. Note: 16 drams = 1 ounce.

Fry hemp leaves in butter, strain, and drink the liquid mixed with sugar. Or boil the residual butter with sugar until it becomes thick enough to harden when it cools.

6 lbs. grass are added to 4 lbs. clarified butter and 70 lbs. sugar. The grass is first soaked for a night in water and next day the water is drained off. The butter is then melted in a pan, and the grass is mixed with it. Water is then added, and the mixture is boiled until the grass becomes soft, when it is strained and pounded into a paste. This is then boiled with the sugar. It is allowed to harden by drying and cut into small pieces. Two 1-inch squares





are enough for an ordinary person.

BHANG

Grind some grass very fine with a mortar and pestle. Add water little by little until it forms a smooth green liquid paste. Strain through a cloth, mix the liquid with milk and sugar and drink it. This is the traditional Indian formula. Other variations are:

Mix the grass with peppercorns, grind, add water, strain, mix with water and sugar. Or, pound some hemp leaves with equal amounts black pepper, cloves, nutmeg and mace. This is mixed with a little water, then strained and stirred into 8 oz. water, milk, watermelon juice or cucumber-seed juice. Bhang is often drunk without the spices, which are believed to make it more intoxicating.

BHANG SHERBET

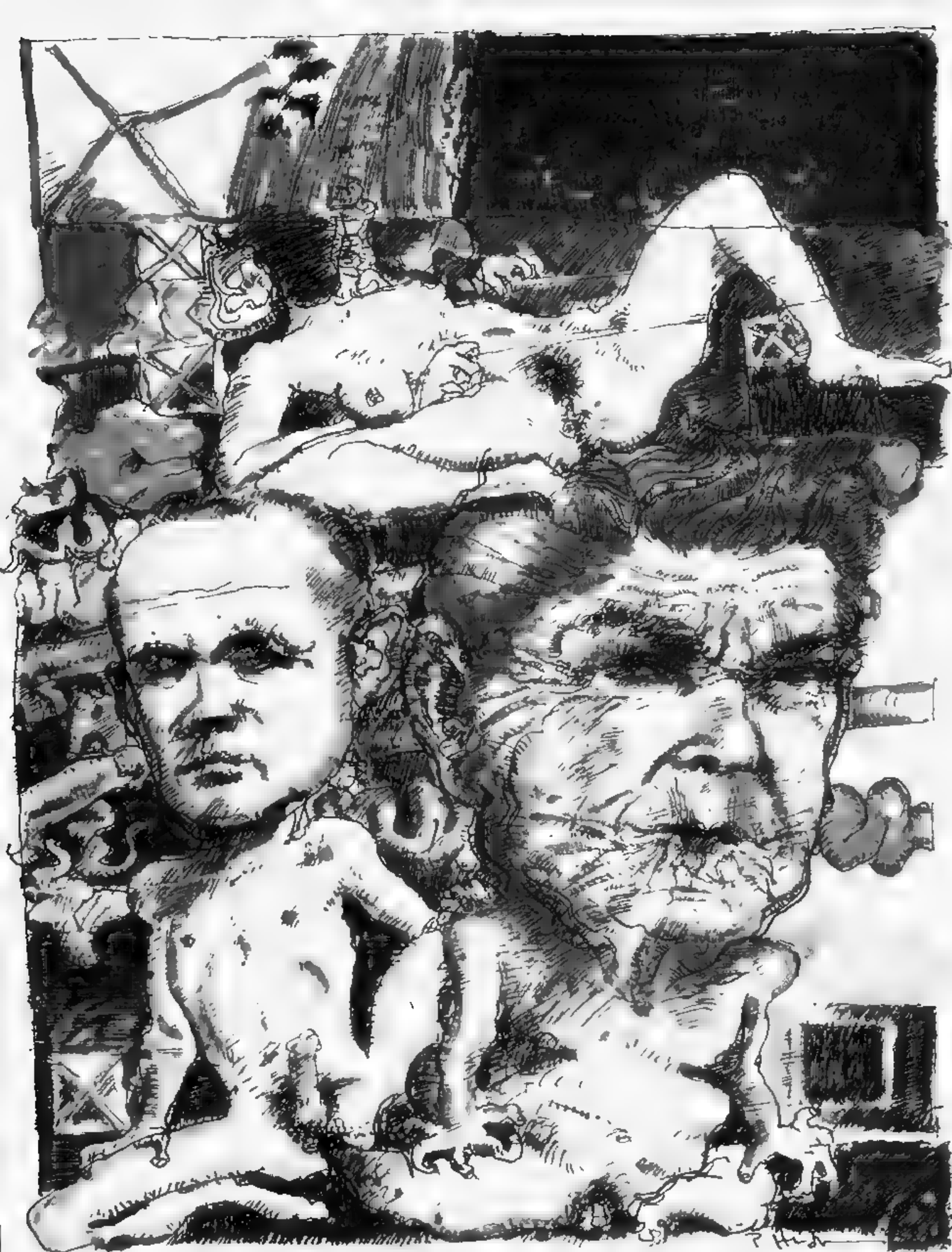
Make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Bhang liquid as described in the recipe above, using $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. grass, but use half rose- or orange-flower water and half plain water for the paste. Dissolve $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar in 2 cups milk. Add the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Bhang and the grated rind of one lemon. Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream until thick and fold in. Pour into freezing trays and freeze to a firm mush. Then beat until light and fluffy. Freeze until firm, then decorate with fresh rose leaves or petals.

THE SACRED GHEE, or Bhang Butter

This is made by boiling grass in fresh, whole (not homogenized) milk, then skimming off the cream and turning it into butter. This butter was used as an anesthetic in India. It can also be made by boiling grass in a mixture of milk and butter for several hours, straining the mixture, and after it has cooled, taking the butter off the top. (More complete directions for this process in the White Cooky recipe.)

THE ANTIDOTE

To counteract any unpleasant side effects resulting from overindulgence, such as severe paranoia, cold fresh lemonade with plenty of sugar is suggested. Also any form of vitamin C, and bed rest with warm blankets until the feeling abates. Hot drinks increase the effects of hashish and make the onset of the high more rapid. Heavy food slows it down. The liquid drinks (Bhang or kif Tea) work faster, while the solids may take well over an hour. The effects can last for several hours to two days. □



"TANGIER"

President Reagan is on Janey's mind again. The way he used to lie to her, beat her and screw her so good. "The president didn't mind that there was nowhere to fuck," she said. "Only I minded. He said all that mattered was that there was political disruption in the air." fiction by Kathy Acker

(Excerpts from Janey's diary while she's in Tangier:)

This time when I run after a man who doesn't want me, I'm really going to run after him

I'm sitting in the Café Tangier and smoking a cigarette

"Look," my friend Michal says to me, "that's Jean Genet!"

Jean Genet walks slowly, his hands are in his pockets, he stares as if he's not seeing anything, eyes fixed, at this café

He stops. He stands still for a few moments. He looks like I always imagined he'd look. Then he swivels halfway around and looks at Café Puentes canopy. He chooses the Café Central.

I have to meet him.

I tell Michal. He tells me not to meet him

"Why? Is he horrible?"

"He doesn't like to meet people and he won't talk to you. He lives like a hermit. Everyone's told me that"

I have to meet Genet. It's that simple. It's not often something's simple. If Genet refuses to talk to me I'll walk away so I won't be hurt. I watch him sit down in the Café Central and start talking to a young boy.

An hour has passed. Conversations, whispered at the edges of my ears, go on and on. One of my eyes is on the human goats and dogs milling around in the square; one on Genet's bald head. The minute he moves, I move.

I ask someone the time.

"Three o'clock."

I say to my friend, "I'm going."

He cries, "You're out of your mind"

As I'm walking toward Genet I hear "You can't throw yourself on a famous writer like Genet, on a man who'll reject you. You have to learn to control yourself."

Genet wrote: *Loneliness and poverty made me not walk but fly. For I was so poor, and I have already been accused of so many thefts, that when I leave a room too quietly on tiptoe, holding my breath, I am not sure, even now, that I'm not carrying off with me the holes in the curtains or hangings.*

Genet's walking. I walk slowly toward him. He stops, about three feet in front of me, his hands in his pockets, swaying slightly and leaning forward.

I know I'm looking too hard at him. I say, "You're Monsieur Genet, aren't you?"

He hesitates for a minute. He notices me but he doesn't want to. "Who are you?"

For a second I can't speak "I'm a writer."

He holds out his right hand to me "Enchanté"

I take it. As we walk up the Siaghines I ask him if he likes Tangier.

"Ça va," he murmurs.

"Do you think it's beautiful, the most beautiful city in the world?"

"Certainly not. What gave you that idea?"

"Everyone says so."

"In Asia there are many more beautiful cities"

During the 20 minutes it takes us to walk from the square of cafés to the Hotel Minzah, we talk about writers, writing and some of the problems of publication. "I don't like institutions," he says. We're standing in front of the Minzah, he gives me his hand and adds, "I always take a nap around now. Tomorrow, if you like, we can meet at the Café el Menara. Around two in the afternoon"

Today is a day like any other day. I don't know any reason I should feel differently. I'm sitting in the Café el Menara. Will he come or not? For me it's the previous day because what I want to happen hasn't yet happened.

He walks along the white dust, slowly, like he did yesterday I lift my hand. His eyes light up and he smiles. I stand up. We shake hands for a long time.

He's warmer to me than he was yesterday. He sits down. He orders a glass of mint tea and I do the same. Some people walk by me and disappear. Some walk back and forth as if they're looking for someone. These are mainly young beggars looking for tourists.

"I don't understand why they haven't translated any of your books into Arabic," I say.

"I don't know. No one has asked me to do it. Maybe some day they will, maybe not. It depends on whether my things interest them at that point. Personally, I think the Arabs are extremely sensitive when it comes to questions of morality"

"Did you have a hard time writing your first novel?"

"No, not very. I wrote the first fifty pages of *Notre Dame des Fleurs* in prison. And when I was transferred to another jail they somehow got left behind. I did everything I could to get them back, but it was hopeless. And so I wrapped myself in my blanket and rewrote the fifty pages straight off."

"I know you didn't start to write until you were thirty," I say. "Thirty-two or thirty-three."

"That's right."

"You haven't written anything for several years, have you? Do you consider your literary silence and your assumption of a political position part of your writing?"

"Literally I've said what I've had to say. Even if there was anything more to add, I'd keep it to myself. That's how things are. There's no absolute yes, and there's no absolute no. I'm sitting here, with you now, but I might easily not be."

Later he tells me a story about Tanger: "I knew a young sailor who was working on a ship in France. The maritime court of Toulon had exiled to Tangier an ensign who had turned over to the enemy the plans of some weapon or battle strategy or boat. Treason, at its best, is that act which defies the whole populace, their pride, their morality, their leaders and slogans. The newspaper said the ensign acted '...out of a taste for treason.' Next to this article was the picture of a young, very handsome officer. The young sailor was taken with this picture and still carries it with him. He was so carried away that he decided to share the exile's fate. 'I shall go to Tangier,' he said to himself, 'and perhaps I may be summoned among the traitors and become one of them.'"

We're sitting in the Café el Menara and I tell Genet some of the things that happened in my last weeks in New York City.

"President Reagan is the pillar of American society. He's almost ninety, worn out by decaying practices, he looks like a skeleton. He's hairy as a rat, flat-backed, his ass looks like two dirty rags flapping over a piss-stained wall. Because he gets whipped so much the skin of this ass is dead and you can knead it and slice it. He will never feel a thing. President Reagan's center is an enormous hole. This hole's diameter, color and odor resemble a New York City subway toilet that hasn't been cleaned for three weeks. It doesn't resemble any asshole I've ever seen. President Reagan, because he's a queer little pig, leaves a three-inch wall of shit around his ass-

hole. And below his belly, as wrinkled as it is livid and gummy, he has a shriveled little thing, a dried apricot pit that Richard Nixon vomited up, a cock. A bright red head sticks out of this apricot pit because at age thirty the president circumcised himself. All men who fuck ought to circumsize themselves and cut their cocks off. Men get circumcised so their cocks will stay clean when they fuck; President Reagan's circumcised so he can make his cock even filthier by covering it with a layer of scum, dried green piss and shit. President Reagan is disgusting in his head and in his body. His tastes are more disgusting and his smell does not please everybody. As a politician he has many problems.

"President Reagan needs three hours of stimulation to orgasm. This stimulation has to consist of perverted, cruel, sadistic and endlessly prolonged events. Even then it doesn't usually work because the agents of these events run away, faint, and die too soon. When that happens, President Reagan gets very angry; foam spurts from his mouth; he becomes epileptic. When he's epileptic, he can orgasm.

"You see, our president is a man of many moods. These moods change from second to second and he has no control over them. When the president's in a mood, he can't think or feel anything else. This mental disorder and his alcoholism have turned him at this point into an imbecile. He is fond of saying to the dignitaries of other countries that he would rather be an imbecile than anything else.

"President Reagan is a decadent man. Those who know him personally are convinced that he owes his present political power to two or three inexcusable murders.

"I was wandering around the streets with cancer.

"I didn't have any money or know anybody. Although I didn't feel like a bum, I was hanging out on the Bowery with leftover humans.

"One night I wandered into a rock 'n' roll club named CBGB's. The lights went boomp boomp boomp, the drum went boomp boomp boomp, the floor went boomp boomp boomp. Boomp boomp boomp entered my feet. Boomp boomp boomp entered my head. My body split into two bodies. I was the new world. I was pounding. Then there were these worms of bodies, white, covered by secondhand stinking guttered-up rags and knife-torn leather bands, moving sideways horizontal wriggling like worms who never made

it to the snake-evolution stage, we only reproduce, we say, if you cut us apart with a knife, the slimy saxophone and the singer who's too burned out to stick a banana in his cock flows away all was gooky amorphous ambiguous nauseous undefined spy story no reality existed so why bother to do anything? Boom boom was reality. Slimy slimy boom boom slimy slimy."

"We don't give a shit about you it's not that we want your money, you have more money than us, you have more everything than us, you think we want your money and we want to kill you, we don't."

"We don't want your money it's seven o'clock in the morning we're too screwed up we live on the edge we live on every edge conceivable and add a few we are shut."

"This's not anger."

"This is not any emotion it is living at the edge, at every edge, might as well hate everybody. We don't want your money we want."

(1) to be screwed now and then
(2) to get some love in our lives
(3) to have free hospitals
(4) to have the constant option of one unpolluted meal a day we are all screwed-up and we have wants. We have other wants. Love love love. That's why we are screwed-up.

"Oh yes."

"Love leads to death."

You will never understand this because you don't live how we live. Actually you do, but your diet pills, and adulterous sneaky one-minute genital dribbles, and money-franticness and love of media and psychiatrists and everything that is anything have so taken over your minds that you can't see around them, see that you are actually scum, typical nothings who can't figure out how even to allow being loved without totally freaking and getting hysterical and destroying built-up rooms, screwed 'cause we can't figure out how to be always different (without habits)—just like you. We are all alike we are all immaculately crazy.

"Now that this is the nature of reality this is what has to happen:"

(1) I need lots of love
(2) You're going to give us all your money 'cause you hate yourselves and 'cause you know
(3) All power systems self-destruct with the advent of robot canasta players who show the girls what they're really like.

"I'm going to sleep. Goodnight."

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"I didn't want anyone to notice me 'cause

I was blind, so I crawled under the splinters of the bar. The music stopped. A lot of feet passed by. Some of them by accident kicked me. One kicked me too hard.

"Do you want to fuck me, scumbag?" President Reagan said to me.

"I can't fuck."

"You've got syphilis?"

"I've got cancer."

"Gee." He put his arms around me and kissed me.

I used to be unhappy

Oh yes

I lived in the corner of a room

*Then you came along and fucked the
shit out of me*

I won't be unhappy again

Spring is a cock that's hard

Oh yes

I know you're a secret terrorist

'Cause love leads to death

I won't ever be unhappy again

*Though it's been a week so your love's
almost over*

The world's about to explode

Terrorists need no more cover

Oh yes love leads to death

Oh yes

"I couldn't hear any of that political music shit. I just wanted to kiss the guy again and again. The music made it so you couldn't hear the words and the music itself was so loud music couldn't be heard

you weren't hearing

this is beyond hearing

you is just vibrations so there's no difference between self and music."

"President Reagan was just *there*, that's the only way I can describe it. I didn't want to fall in love with him because I didn't want to put something in my life, but he was screwing me so good and beating me up that I knew I was going to fall in love with him. I did everything I could to avoid President Reagan. I dropped out of everything. It's hard to drop out of a nightclub filled with teenage hoods and teenage burns, but that's what I did. I roamed the streets of New York. The streets were black and full of garbage. I *roamed* the streets, not *walked* the streets, because I was a cat. Cats adore being loved, but they don't want to be in prison.

"Cars drove by me. Big rich Cadillacs and little snooky sports cars, the gray cars and the red cars, each car had a personality 'Go to hell,' a big black car said to me. 'Whrr-whrr,' 'race, race,'

and 'toot toot' are what the cars said to each other. On the whole, cars like each other and they don't like people. A few cars liked me. A gray car whose behind was longer than its front and who was so smashed it looked like it should be dirty black smiled at me. A long sleek light green car whistled. 'Whoo whoo. I could make a few dollars out of *her*.'

"Then there were no cars. Two people passed by, men, older males, ages say forty-five and up, bellies large, cocks small with slight dribbles, clothes *suit-ed* wool, mouths open. The street was empty again.

"Actually it had always been empty. It was me, I was a disjunct.

"You can smoke a cigarette. A cigarette is thin, long, and it contains fire. You can puff the fire. No one will arrest you. No cop cares. Even if you don't have money, there are butts on the street. Most waiters will give you a match. You see, there's no trouble. It's best to do things there's no trouble about. Being scum, being disgusting, lonely, alone, not bothering anybody, not wanting, being dark, in the dark.

"I tried masturbating. I tried..."

"These are secret letters where I can say things that...secret (secret). In there get in there. Dark like a canal President Reagan I love you. Whoops, that's the wrong one. Let's try again. I love you. I have to get beyond that one. The tunnel is my cunt. That's the first bump. A big I love you. I don't want you to go away. I want to be in you, there, in between your right presidential arm and the skin on your side *puke mushy mushy I go mushy I am repulsive no I am hot*. Now we've got it, *I am hot*. Oh please fuck me for the rest of my life. The rest of my life means fuck me right now. As hard as you can.

"Okay. I'm telling you exactly what I feel 'cause you never say anything. I don't feel anything. What do I feel?"

"I've got cancer. Cancer is the outward condition of the condition of being screwed-up. I am such a total mess, that is: a priori askew to the world/the nature of things/therefore: myself, askew to myself, that I will never live without pain. I can't help but do everything wrong. Every incident reveals this. I'm saying I'm screwed up because I want you to tell me you love me.

"I know who you are. Go away, President Reagan. Leave me alone."

"Our affair had come to a crisis. President Reagan had to return to Washington so we had nowhere to sleep together

Your
adulterous
sneaky
one-minute
genital
dribbles and
money-
franticness
and love of
media and
psychiatrists
have so taken
over your
minds that
you can't see
that you are
actually
scum...

because I couldn't sleep in the White House and he wouldn't sleep on the streets. Huge hickies covered my neck and back. I had asked President Reagan to beat me up while we fucked and he had said okay, but we had nowhere to fuck

"The president didn't mind having nowhere to fuck, only I minded. He said all that mattered was there was political disruption in the air. I had to tell him:

"Fuck you. Go away. I'm leaving you. I'm getting away from you. Whenever there's pain, I walk out. Whenever something goes wrong, I walk out, but I didn't. I stuck to him."

"I wrote these things about terrorism:

"Terrorism is not being conscious. Terrorism is letting happen what has to happen. Terrorism is letting rise up all that rises up like a cock or a flower. Tremendous anger and desire. Terrorism is straightforwardness. You are a child. Only you don't imitate. For these reasons terrorists never grow up.

"Terrorism is a way to health. Health is the lusting for infinity and dying of all variants. Health is not stasis. It is not repression of lusting or dying. It is no bonds. The only desire of any terrorist is *no bonds* though terrorists don't desire. Their flaming jumping passions are infinite, but are not them.

"No bonds.

"For these reasons terrorism and health are inseparably bound."

"Terrorism can be fun. As far as big goals go, it has no goals so you remain slum-under; it has lots of little goals. You don't have to live any way. You don't have to believe in any certain thing or world. You don't have to give a god-damn and yet all the passion the burning the disappearance of is in terrorism. Terrorists believe in nothing and everything; serious terrorists every time they kidnap someone don't believe they're changing anything."

"One of the most destructive forces in the world is love. For the following reason: The world is a conglomeration of objects, no, of events and the approachings of events toward objects, therefore of becoming stases static stagnant, of all that is unreal. You get in the world, you get your daily life your routine doesn't matter if you're rich poor legal illegal, you begin to believe what doesn't change is real, and love comes along and shows all these unchangeable forever fixtures to be flimsy paper bits. Love can tear anything to shreds."

"President Reagan, it isn't sweet and it hurts. Pain is the world I don't have anywhere to run. I want to go out in a blaze of light and scream. Stick your cock in me as hard as you can. Hurt me. Beat me. If you beat me hard enough I'll never leave you and I'll do everything you say. Otherwise I run away. I run away whenever I can. You take me by the hips in back of me your cock pounds steady. Bam bam bam. I start to come. Your cock moves harder, faster. You're hurting my cunt. Energy shoots up from the base of my spine to the top of my head. Every time cock hits in, energy path set off. You become out-of-control getting into me as much as you can. I'm beyond coming. In a space of consciousness and unconsciousness.

**"One of the
most destructive
forces in the
world is
love... Love
can tear you
to shreds."**

Black. No more pain like no more coming. I never knew I could get here. You stop. When cock out of me, I come down enough to start coming. Gradually I stop coming.

"Sex you're gonna stop. I hate you

"You made me vomit and throw up and act crazy.

"Now I'm sick.

"You never say anything to me at all, nothing at all.

"I don't know what goes on in your mind.

"I don't ask you to come here, to the street. Now everything's changed."

"Every position of desire, no matter how small, is capable of putting to question the established order of a society; not that desire is asocial, on the contrary. But it is explosive; there is no desiring-machine capable of being assembled without demolishing entire social sections."

"I is now she. She, Janey. Shit, Janey,

shit. I'm glad someone's explaining President Reagan to me. Why do I write this down? I read it. I might as well admit to everything I do. 'Me'? 'Everything'?"

"Janey wants President Reagan. President Reagan may or may not want Janey. Actually President Reagan wants Janey, but Janey wants to believe President Reagan doesn't want Janey because it's more difficult for Janey to deal with a situation (Janey can't deal with any situation) which isn't a mirror of her desire. Janey isn't me. Which of the two do I think is real?"

"Janey sees too many people. Now that Janey has a boyfriend, Janey knows too many people these people are too many because she has to talk to them because of her boyfriend.

"Each person is an asking, a peculiar kind of hole asking some very definite energy from Janey. Janey is very scared of people because she's scared she's going to hurt someone. So what? She has to give a lot of energy to giving each person the exact right kind of energy.

"By the end of the evening she is nothing."

"President Reagan abandoned me. It took me three days to realize this. Then I wrote him a letter,

"I don't care what you do when I don't see you, etc., but when I make this effort to see you, within a few minutes you walk out or else there are lots of people and by the time we're alone either I'm asleep or you're drunk. So we're never alone together for more than a few minutes and we don't really talk or learn about each other and become better (or worse) friends.

"I think we should talk about our peculiarities 'cause I think the situation's getting a little weird and I'm getting confused. I know I'm very peculiar and hard-to-be-with. But I really am confused because you don't talk to me and you don't fuck me yet you want me around.

"You're gone and there's no more love left in the world. I can't deal with you in my mind anymore. I hope I don't ever run into you again even if you are President of the United States. Even before you left—knowing that you had power over me and were going to leave me—that future made us ghosts. That's how I felt. I hurt. That's how I feel. That is: either I judge and blame and Hell exists, or I don't judge and everything's okay. Either this is a time for total despair or it's a time of madness. It's ridiculous to

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WATER WAYS

With over three-fourths of the earth's surface covered with water you'd think that securing a few drops for your own little garden wouldn't present much of a problem. Hardly. Getting enough water to their patch is the point on which many cultivators invariably get stuck.

It is estimated that there are roughly 369,820,250,000,000,000,000 gallons of water on the earth. (In English this translates into 369 quintillion, 820 quadrillion, 250 trillion.) Ninety-seven percent of this water is in the oceans, leaving only 3 percent as a fresh-water supply. Over 77 percent of this fresh-water supply is stored at the polar ice caps and in glaciers. The remaining 12 percent is stored as groundwater at an average estimated depth of 2,500 feet below the surface. Hydrologists estimate that actually only 1 percent of the global supply of water is readily available for human use, and only 0.01 percent (that's one-tenth of 1 percent) is thought to be in our rivers and streams.

People involved with covert irrigation are faced with the same problems as homestead gardeners, trying to make their domestic scene work appropriately. Subsequently, we are always looking for rivers, creeks, streams, swamps, springs, ponds, either natural or man-made, the source of which is found, hopefully, at a higher altitude than our delivery site. Unfortunately, this is usually not the case, and so most types of "no sweat" gravity flow systems cannot be used. When the delivery site is above the water source, the two basic facts one must deal with are: *total dynamic head*, i.e., the vertical distance

(straight up) between the water source and the nozzle of your hose (expressed in feet) and *PSI*, i.e., pounds per square inch at the pump discharge point. It is a very complicated procedure to determine the total dynamic head of your system. Usually, surveying equipment is needed, and the whole procedure always ends up in a rough guesstimate anyway ("Ah, let's see now, that looks like about twenty feet... huh?"). Determining your PSI requirement will automatically tell you the *total dynamic head* of your system since one-half PSI equals *one foot* of head (example: 50 PSI = 100 feet of head, approximately).

To determine PSI at the pump head, lay hose or pipe along the run that you intend to traverse. Plug the lower end of the hose with a pressure gauge (they can be bought at any hardware store—ask for a pressure gauge threaded into a plug). Then pour water into the top end of the hose and fill it to the top. The reading on the pressure gauge will give you your minimum pressure requirement. The general rule of thumb in the irrigation business is to forget about total dynamic head and start thinking in PSI. Pumps are rated in PSI, hoses and pipes are rated in PSI and agricultural-supply salesmen talk and think in PSI. If your pressure gauge reads 80 PSI, you know your pump's minimum re-

quirements. If you purchase a pump that produces only 80 PSI, it will only pump water to the very top end of the hose and nary a drop will flow from it. You need a pump that will push a flow of water (rated in GPM, i.e., gallons per minute, or GPH, gallons per hour) out the end of the hose—which would take more than 80 PSI in this case.

PUMPS

A lot of energy is required to move water uphill, and if you have ever hauled water in five-gallon buckets from a creek, up a hill, you know just about how much "poop" we're talking about. The three power sources we will consider will be gas, battery and human.

All pumps push water far more efficiently than they can suck water, therefore, get as close as possible to your water source with the pump. Suction hose should be flexible, but it is very important that it not collapse. By placing a foot valve at the intake end of your suction hose, you will eliminate future pump problems because the pumps will not run dry.

Gas-Engine Water Pumps

Gas-engine water pumps are an interesting group of pumps. Ratings vary between 50 and 300 PSI for a lightweight

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Figure 1



Figure 2

Fig. 1: Gas-engine water pump.
Fig. 2: Small, lightweight marine bilge pumps.
Fig. 3: Submersible 12-volt battery pump.
Fig. 4: Low-draw (4-7 amp) battery pump.
Fig. 5: Drip-irrigation hose.
Fig. 6: A 275-gallon collapsible PVC-coated reinforced nylon tank.



Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 5

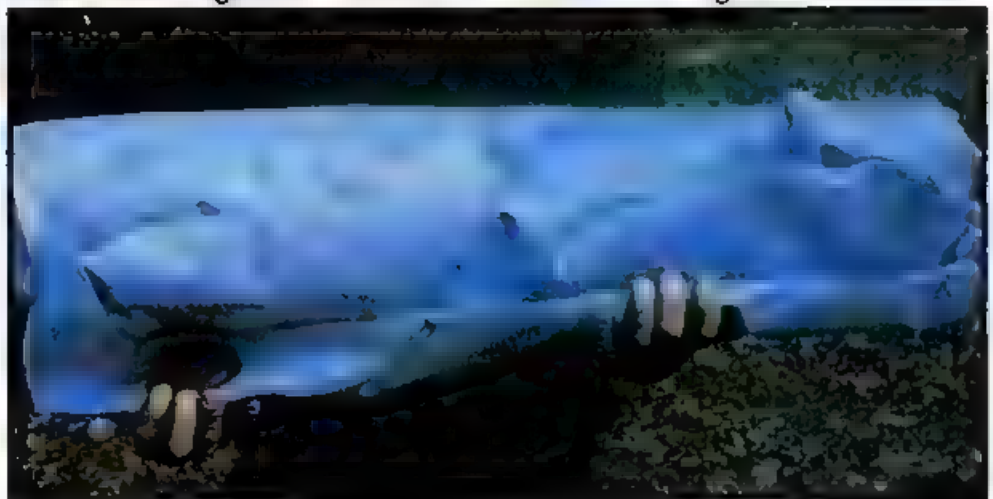


Figure 6

(17 to 50 lbs.) (Fig. 1). Flow delivery varies between 8 and 100 GPM at open discharge. Remember—the greater the altitude you have to go, the less volume of water you will have at the delivery end. And since engine horsepower is affected by atmospheric pressure at higher elevations, it may also affect the volume at the delivery end. The following pump capacities are stated as a reference:

Elevation in feet	Percent capacity
1,000	96
2,000	92
3,000	88
4,000	84
5,000	80
6,000	76
7,000	72

The one main problem associated with gas-engine water pumps is noise, and generally speaking, the smaller the pump the louder they scream. A noise-suppression muffler can quiet things down a bit (one for the exhaust and one for the air intake). Digging a large, deep hole and lowering the pump down into it can also reduce noise, but be careful to make sure the pump does not overheat...and of course there is the old "exhaust pipe into the drum of water" trick.

Hand Pumps

Usually these are small, lightweight marine bilge pumps that move a lot of water fast (Fig. 2). They are great for starting siphons and can possibly eliminate dragging all those five-gallon buckets. Their greatest drawback, however, is their inability to create much pressure—3 to 4 PSI is okay before breakfast, 4 to 6 PSI (10 feet of head) after breakfast, 6 to 8 PSI (15 feet of head) and you should be ready for lunch and a nap. At open discharge these small pumps can move from 10 to 30 GPM, but when you start pumping up a hill its efficiency drops off radically.

Battery Pumps

Twelve-volt battery pumps offer a unique opportunity. The major consideration with them is—the more water you move the more energy is drawn from your battery. There are 12-volt submersible pumps (Fig. 3) that can

move 26 GPM and develop 20 PSI (40 feet of head) but it takes a lot of battery power to do it. Low-draw (4- to 7-amp) pumps (Fig. 4) can achieve 100 PSI (200 feet of head), but can only deliver 1 GPM at the delivery site 200 feet straight up in elevation. New lightweight (17 lbs.) and leak-proof 12-volt batteries have been introduced and they can power a low-draw pump for four or five hours—that's roughly 250 gallons of water, a real bonanza in some places. What will usually fail on the 12-volt system is not the pump, but the motor. They should not be run under extremely warm conditions—of course, the submersible pump is water-cooled. Twelve-volt pumps are neat little items and they probably should be utilized more than they are.

HOSE AND PIPE

When you push water uphill through a hose or pipe, pressure is exerted on the walls of the pipe, so you will need a type of pipe or hose best suited to your pressure and volume needs. If you can hold the water back with your thumb, you have around 5 or 6 PSI. City water pressure is usually around 60 to 80 PSI. If you exceed 80 PSI things get really weird and happen fast and hard. Couplings may leak or blow out, pumps strain or fail, or hoses and pipes may even burst. Even going long distances at 80 PSI you can achieve 300 to 500 PSI in surge pressure by shutting off the pump. Check-valves installed at various points can prevent most surge pressures. If you are using black plastic utility pipe, don't! Use drip-irrigation hose (Fig. 5). It's also black, made of polyethylene and is lighter, stronger, more flexible, and the fittings fit over the outside of the hose (no clamps).

WATER STORAGE

Well, now that you have water coming out the end of your hose, what are you going to do with it? Better think fast, because gravity has a way of sending all that water back "downtown" in a flash. (If you have plenty of time and water you can flood- or sprinkle-irrigate. Both of these methods are a waste of effort, money and water. Drip-irrigation systems are far more efficient, especially on hillsides. Utilizing drip irrigation, 250 gallons of water could

support 80 imaginary plants easily at 3 gallons per watering.)

Holding and storing water has been an age-old problem for everyone. Fifty-five-gallon drums get old real fast; steel tanks are hard to handle because they're so heavy and also rust out. Over the past few years growers have used water beds and small swimming pools, but neither are very dependable although both hold several hundred gallons of water.

There are two holding tanks on the market that are reliable and function quite well. One is a 75-gallon collapsible relay tank made from treated canvas. It mounts on four stakes—quite primitive, but it works! These go for around \$70. The other, made from PVC-coated reinforced nylon, is more practical but costs considerably more, \$300 to \$600. A 275-gallon tank weighs only 17 lbs. (Fig. 6) and is about 6½" wide 8' long by 16" high when filled. Collapsible tanks have been around for 10 years and I've never heard of a bursting problem yet. They're great for hauling water in a pickup or flatbed truck. Sizes range from 275 gallons to 1,340 gallons. They do demand a flat surface.

Most of the equipment that I have mentioned in this article are industrial tools. It is equipment that has been designed for and marketed to businesses. Their profits and safety require dependability and longevity. Your profits and safety also depend on your tools. The common law of business prohibits paying a little and getting a lot. It simply cannot be done. If you deal with the lowest bidder you are well advised to add something for the risk you're taking, so you may as well purchase something better in the first place.

Industrial equipment will always cost more than consumer goods. Brand reputation is more important to me than brand recognition. Industrial suppliers are listed in the Yellow Pages if you want to purchase locally. Another reliable source is a small catalog sales company: Domestic Water Works, Box 809-T, Cave Junction, OR 97523. They have a 48-page catalog, the cost is two bucks and it will be mailed to you immediately via first class, and, of course, enclosed in the proverbial, but no less functional, "plain brown wrapper"! □

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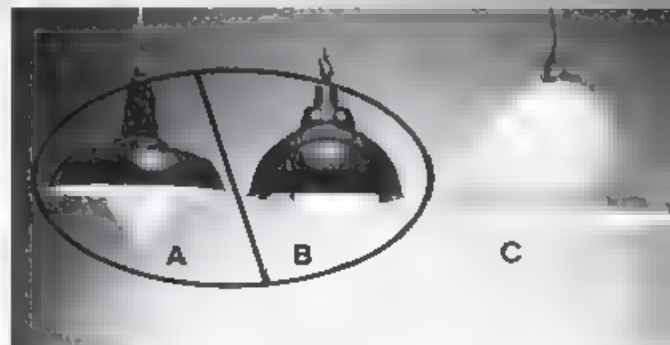
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BEING HIGH

Why do people start smoking marijuana?

What are the most common effects smoking has on these individuals? To what extent does a person's social environment influence the type of smoker they become?

Extrapolated from literally thousands of hours of tape-recorded interviews, the answers to these basic questions begin to emerge, giving us a clearer picture of the phenomenology of being high.

by Dr. Norman E. Zinberg

At nearly every convention NORML has ever held, anywhere in the country, the tweedy and intense presence of Dr. Norman Zinberg has been conspicuous. Political opportunists and "parents power" pundits have, consequently, regularly anathematized and slandered Zinberg before congressional committees as a conspicuous "prodrug lobbyist." Since he's been advising presidential commissions on drug-abuse issues since before most of these parents emerged from their own childhoods (those of them who have emerged at all), and enjoys an unchallengeable tenure at Harvard Medical School, and is really in no wise prodrug, Zinberg has never bothered to explain himself. Even when these New Right drug McCarthyists succeed in getting him publicly blacklisted from public meetings by top administration officials (see *Highwire News*, this issue), Norman Zinberg simply will not be prodded into explaining why he does hang out with all those free-the-weed advocates.

His new book furnishes a clue, at last, to why Zinberg has cultivated the company of pot people so assiduously over the last couple decades. Over that time, he explains, he's collected the world's most extensive library of taped psychiatric interviews with drug users that exists anywhere in the world. And it exists in some faraway place, too, he explains,

well out of jurisdiction of any American law-enforcement agency, so that it can't be subpoenaed any time any one of his interviewees gets busted. Zinberg and his Harvard colleagues in this project have amassed, in this way, enough material to begin answering a whole lot of important questions.

Why do people do drugs? What is it like for them? What are its long-range effects on them? Why do some people do drugs and then quickly stop, while other people go on doing them for years and years? Why doesn't everybody in the world do drugs all the time? How are different patterns of drug use related to people's positions in their family, to their income, their skin color, to the availability of drugs in their community or lack thereof?

Most of all, why is it that most people who use drugs fail to suffer from them in any way? Apparently, these people learn, somehow, to enjoy themselves with dope, without harming themselves or anyone else. How do they do that? How can other people learn to do that? Since drugs are indeed with us in our world, and aren't likely to go away very soon, Zinberg obviously believes it's important for him to learn the answers to these questions, so that he can teach other people about them.

Evidently, it's important enough to Zinberg to induce him to hang around with pot people at NORML conventions, even.

This ranks him right up there with Walter Reed, who went to Honduras in 1900 to find a cure for yellow fever.—Ed.

Numerous questions arise when considering illicit drug use. How do people begin to use marijuana or the psychedelics? How do they get the drugs, use them and pay for them? What, generally, are the effects of use? How do these effects impact on the user's psyche, on his close relationships, on his capacity to work and function socially? And, above all, how does he manage—if he does—to use the drug reasonably and in a controlled fashion?

This excerpt and the next approach those questions qualitatively by letting the users speak for themselves. They consist mainly of excerpts from interviews in which the interviewers (I) have asked the respondents (R) a variety of questions about their use of illicit drugs. A few of the responses have been edited in order to clarify the meaning, and in all of them proper names have been changed. For the users of both types of drugs the questions focus on the following general topics: (1) beginning use (in the case of the psychedelics, the history of early use), (2) effects of use; and (3) social sanctions and rituals that helped to control use. Unless otherwise stated, all excerpts apply to controlled users. This chapter deals with the

"I wasn't really persuaded to smoke, I just watched everybody. I saw nobody going mad or anything; they were all laughing..."

first two topics.

MARIHUANA

The following excerpts illustrate the types of responses given by our marihuana subjects to interviewers' questions about how they began to use the drug, how it affected them generally, and specifically how it affected their work and personal relationships.

Beginning Use. One of the many confirmations of the representative nature of our analytical sample came from our subjects' descriptions of beginning use. Twenty-five years after the publication of Howard S. Becker's "Becoming a Marihuana User" (1953), these users reaffirmed his observations and upheld ours. Despite the enormous estimated increase in marihuana use since Becker's day—since then about 57 million have used—the beginning users expressed great apprehension about this first step. They were not immune to the general public's concerns about what the drug might do to them (that is, the possibility of addiction or derangement) or unaware of and unconcerned about its illicitness, as the following exchange reveals:

I: How did you feel about marihuana prior to using it?

R: I was scared.

I: In any particular form?

R: I didn't really know what it was; I had just heard everyone talking about it, and I had heard that smoke was so bad and this and that, and how people that have family problems do it. But I didn't want anyone to think I was shocked, because then they'd think I was an old grandmother, and I wasn't. But I was really scared for a while.

I: When did your fears begin diminishing?

R: Probably when I smoked myself.

The beginning user looked for a guide to show him what to do and how to do it correctly—and safely. In this search the neophyte tended to overestimate greatly his more experienced peers' understanding of the drug. Most younger

users, too, consistently overestimated the extent of others' use. And my staff and I found, as Becker had found earlier, that most beginning users did not get "high" the first time, often to their discomfort.

R: The first time I tried it? It was in my sophomore year of high school and a friend—oh, no, my brother—gave me my first joint. He didn't want to either. I had to force it out of him.

I: How did you go about that?

R: Well, I knew that he smoked, and I'd wanted to try it, but I didn't know where to look, and I didn't know anything. And he didn't want to give it to me because then he said it would come back that he was the one who turned me on. He really didn't want to give it to me, but finally he did. I said that I'd get it somewhere else if he didn't give it to me, so he just gave it to me, and I smoked with a friend—well, not even such a good friend—I don't even think we got off. No, I'm sure we didn't. I remember now. But I didn't want to seem completely stupid to him, so I just kind of acted like I knew what I was talking about.

Usually the first experience did not bring much pleasure:

I: Do you remember enjoying it?

R: No, I didn't like it. I mean, I don't know if I got high or not, but to me it didn't taste so hot.

Nonsmokers often had a particularly difficult time:

I: On how many occasions did you use marihuana before you experienced a high?

R: Uh, probably ten or twelve times, and I felt as if the reason was that I didn't really know what the smoking was all about. As I said, I have no experience with cigarettes, and inhaling was a foreign issue to me. If I did it, it hurt. And that's why I didn't get off—'cause I didn't know what smoking was about.

Another nonsmoker's patience was finally rewarded:

I: You said that it was about six or seven times before you did get high?

R: Oh, it was more than that. About fifty times.

I: How come you kept smoking it?

R: I dunno—I just did. I don't really know why I did.

I: But the first time you actually got the high was when you were trying hashish?

R: Yeah—well, I had smoked hash before, but all of a sudden it just hit me.

It was our impression that the last user, in spite of his determination to get high, had had considerable unconscious anxiety about the whole process, and that his tenacious assault upon his fears was characteristic of his personality structure and general behavior. Others worked through their anxiety in different ways, again in consonance with their personality structure and behavior in situations other than drug use. One cautious and methodical young man put it this way:

R: There were a couple of people in my dorm who were using it, and they offered me some, and I didn't get off on it the first few times.

I: Had they offered it to you before the time you accepted?

R: Not directly. It had been passed around in situations where I'd been, but I would just let it go by, and it hadn't been in any sense forced on me, it was just there and then I finally wanted to pick it up. Curiosity really.

Another young woman whose everyday life was characterized by keeping herself within a middle ground, neither too loose nor too tight, said, in answer to the question, "Can you remember the circumstances of your first use?":

R: Yeah, very well. I was with some friends, and someone came in, a friend of the people I was seeing. I didn't know him, and everyone was smoking—I knew they smoked, but I was very skeptical. I was very conservative about it, and I still didn't really know what it was all about. I still thought that it was dangerous. I wasn't really persuaded to

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HOT STUFF

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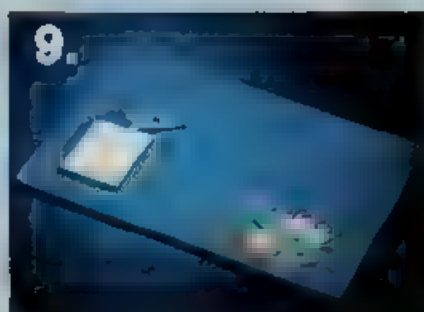
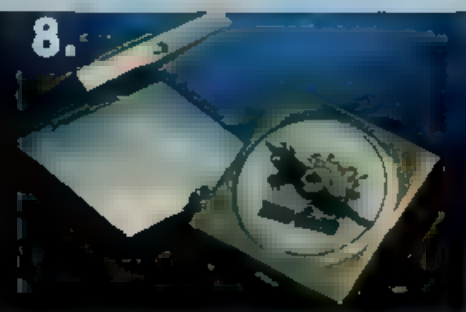
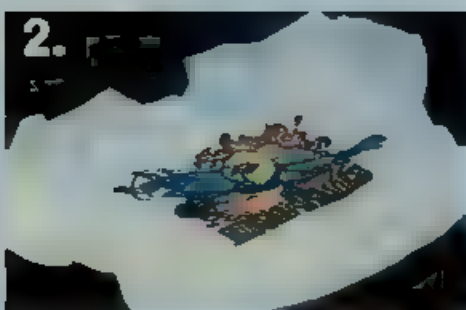
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"TANGIER"

/ continued from page 60

think that mad people will succeed where intellectuals, unions, Wobblies, etc., didn't, I think they will.

"I don't want to stop talking to you, Mr. President. You are my home and now you're gone I have no place to stay. I'd rather have nowhere to stay: all America wants somewhere to stay, an image stasis. I'd like to say that everything I do, every way I've seemed to feel, however I've seemed to grasp at you, are war tactics."

Through the arches of the Café Zagora I can see the white area where the distant Atlas mountaintops fade into the white sky. Rows of walls rise to rows of walls and upwards.

Genet asks me if I have a passport. Why do I need a passport?

He wants to know if I can travel. I explain I got to Tangier illegally. I don't think I can travel.

Genet's going to leave Tangier. He wants me to go with him.

I'm more excited than I've been in a long time. "Since I'm dark enough to pass for Moroccan," I tell Genet, "can you help me get a Moroccan passport?"

A long line of people are inside the Government Center building, in rags, with faces of the dead. A skeleton runs out of a gray office and shouts at all of us. His whole attitude is nervous and shaking and mean. Genet walks up to him and talks to him. When Genet returns to me, he says, "We'll have to come back here in an hour."

An hour later the office is black and horrible, more crowded. The skeleton official is cursing at the poor people and pushing them into lines. Bit by bit the poor people go away. I don't know how I'm going to get a passport. The skeleton government official is still cursing the poor people, those shuffling hollow rags, even though they're no longer here. Genet murmurs to me, "He's a pig, a brute, insulting and shoving people around!"

The skeleton pig is still saying that if these people don't give him enough money for a passport, he'll lock them up. These people are all gone. Finally, when the building's being locked up, the skeleton pig tells Genet that I can get a passport if I have the proper papers.

A fine rain is blowing across the sand of the street. "That man doesn't want papers, he wants a fistful of banknotes, doesn't he?"

I don't answer. We walk for half an

hour on the boulevard. Then Genet buys a few newspapers and some magazines, and goes back to the hotel.

Today we got the passport. We found a friend who knew a government official and we paid. Genet's giving a small party in his hotel room. I'm standing opposite Genet.

"Why're you taking her with you?" a famous older male friend of Genet's asks him, pointing to me.

"Oh, she works for me. She's a gardener."

I want to laugh in the guy's face because Genet doesn't have a house or a garden.

"She's your servant."

Genet thinks about this. "I didn't mean to mislead you," he says. "I don't consider anyone a servant."

The strange man smiles. I'm accepted in this world. I shake hands with Genet.

Later on the same man asks Genet where we're planning to travel.

"I don't know. I know I can't go to the United States, their government won't let me in again, and I can't go to the Soviet Union for the same reason."

In *Journal du Voleur* Genet wrote: *Movies and novels have made Tangier into a scary place, a dive where gamblers haggle over the secret plans of all the armies in the world. From the American coast, Tangier seemed to me a fabulous city. It was the very symbol of treason.*

Here all the big men I've known, all the men who've hurt me because they had no feelings or who've offered me affection and then stamped on me the minute I reached for it, who've swung their monstrous cocks in front of my face and then laughed when I begged to touch, traitors fascists who need to connive all of you live in this fabulous city. I worship you. I can't fuck anyone else. It's not your cocks, but it's your dishonesty your need to maneuver and lie the way most people walk down a street that form those entanglements I call adventure. Everything else is dead. When I'm with one of you I'm alive and otherwise I don't give a shit.

I don't call having some young boy between my sheets sex. I rarely let myself go for young or nice boys because I know I'll get bored. I want the textures of your lives, the complexities set up by betrayals and danger—I like men who hurt me because I don't always see myself, I have my egoism cut up. I love this: I love to be beaten up and hurt and taken on a joyride. This sex—what I call sex—guides my life. I know this Sex of traitors, deviants, scum and schizophrenics exists. They're the ones I want. □

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smoke, I just watched everybody. I saw nobody going mad or anything; they all were laughing and having a good time. So I said well, okay. I smoked and I got high. I liked the high and I smoked.

The popularity of marihuana can act as a deterrent to beginning use for those of an independent spirit who automatically on personality grounds resist becoming passive followers. This was true of more of our subjects than we had anticipated, particularly those whose resistance was buttressed by social factors:

R: I was initiated into drugs, into marihuana, by my brother; I always had a sort of negative attitude toward drugs when I was in high school. Some of my friends smoked grass. And they said, "Come on, get involved in it." They were really "hippie" types [laugh] When I say that, it's a nonderogatory term; but it was pseudo-hippie. That was in 1969 when the peace movement was very active. They were together with a purple light bulb and glasses and a poster on the wall, and they were really into the "drug culture," sitting around in a circle, "right on," things like that, so I had a negative attitude toward it because I just thought it was so plastic. I think there was also a certain part of my Catholic upbringing that was involved, with its "Don't do anything." I don't know if that's true or not, but I think that definitely influenced me, so I just didn't want to get involved in it. Then when I finally did, it was in a totally different situation, and I enjoyed it. I got involved with my girlfriend, at that time, in a more real sort of situation.

Although several subjects reported minor anxiety attacks when first experiencing intoxication, these passed quickly. The only user who reported a serious disaster from his first experience presented it as a joke:

I: How old were you? How did it happen?

R: I know that when I was in high school I smoked pot a couple of times, but I don't have any clear recollection of that. I didn't get stoned. The first time after that I was working in this car dealership in Boston, and this guy I used to work with said to me one day during lunch, "Do you want to go out and smoke a couple of joints on the roof?" And I said, "Yeah, sure." And about three days later we did it again, and I lost my

job because I got so blown away. I was moving a car from the roof down, they had a ramp that you had to drive down. Well, I just couldn't control my faculties. I was bringing this car down from the body shop to the waiting customer, and I took up two poles on the way down. And I completely wiped out the passenger side that had just been replaced. Well, the hubcap got down slightly before I did [laugh]. I came down there and he said, "Pick up your check," and that was that. That was the first time, other than the couple of days before when I got stoned; there really wasn't much to it—you know, the first time.

It was clear to the interviewer that this subject was well aware of the danger of a drug experience that resulted in

"There was
no time I ever
had to need
a high... It's
never a need
or urge that
I have to
satisfy."

such loss of control. His response also bore out the fact that beginning users have the most acute difficulties with control, particularly when driving. Experienced users may have driving problems too, but they tend to be of a different sort, similar to those of alcohol users—problems of risk-taking and overestimation of control rather than of lack of awareness.

Most parents have great difficulty in sharing their children's marihuana use. Joining in an illicit activity is hard enough, but the reversal of the usual relationship between the experienced parent-teacher and the inexperienced child-learner may be extremely complex, especially because the intoxication experience often results in loss of control and even helplessness. Here is an excellent description of that con-

founding situation:

R: My mother smoked marihuana one time. I—my brother and I—had three joints and we knew she wanted to try it. So I said, "Ma, I got some now; do you wanna try it?" And she said, "What?" And I said, "Some grass." And she did try it and she had to do it before her husband got home. And he'd have been home in about two and a half hours, so it took us about fifteen or twenty minutes to smoke, and she said she didn't get high. But then she went into her room, and when I opened the door to see what she was up to, she was reading a book upside down—not reading at all, just pretending to do something so she could just be alone and feel what it felt like to be stoned on marihuana. And then I closed the door because she asked me to get out, and then she put the TV on, and I heard the TV on, so I went back in. I was really interested to know how she'd react. So she had been watchin' television for about ten minutes and the picture was all blurred, it wasn't even there—so she didn't really care to watch television or read. She just wanted to laugh and be alone, so I did leave her alone after that, and my brother and I could hear her, in the parlor, laughing. I thought that was good. But she never did it with us again. I believe she's done it, y'know, after that. I mean, with her girlfriends, because I know her girlfriends do it. They're older women, and they ask me for joints once in a while.

General Effects of Marihuana Use. The overwhelming majority of our sample reported positive effects from marihuana, though few were as ecstatic as this user:

I: Did you enjoy it the first time you used it?

R: I loved it, I loved it, I loved it.

I: When did you next try it?

R: Next weekend, I loved it. I have ever since

All but two of our subjects (and they will be described later) insisted that they had always been in control of their marihuana use. For example:

R: There was no time I ever had to need a high, or, y'know, just do something daily because it had to be done. I'd get high if I wanted to, then the next few hours I'd light up a joint. You know, it's under control. It's never a need or urge that I have to satisfy. Yeah, tried speed,

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

STATES' RIGHTS—TURNED INSIDE OUT

It's no longer the feds who guard individual rights... by Bob LaBrasca

REMEMBER GOV. GEORGE WALLACE standing in the schoolhouse door, fighting a lonely battle for "states' rights"—specifically the right of Alabama to deny civil rights to her black citizens, despite the edicts of Earl Warren's Supreme Court?

That was two decades ago; now everything's turned inside out. The Nixon-Reagan court, under Chief Justice Warren Burger, has slammed on the brakes of the Freedom Train and shifted it into reverse gear. And even as the U.S. Supreme Court seems bent on gutting the Bill of Rights, state justices have been cast as guardians of civil liberties. Fred Barbash of the *Washington Post*, reporting on a recent conference of the National Center for State Courts, observed that this trend toward liberal independence at the state level has taken on "the look of an organized movement." Freedoms of speech and the press, prohibitions against discrimination on the basis of sex or economic status and the rights of defendants in criminal cases are faring far better in a number of states than they are in the federal judicial system.

This provides a glimmer of hope for some of America's 30 to 60 million potential drug defendants, specifically those who may be charged under state statutes. The scapegoating of drugs as the fundamental cause for moral decay and crime in America has been a crucial element of Reagan-era ideology; it eliminates the need to address certain bothersome issues like poverty and the inherent illusions of the American Dream. Conservative appointees on the federal bench have embraced this line wholeheartedly and have cooperated by bestowing ever greater powers on police, so that they may intrude into the private lives of citizens to ferret out drug crime. State courts, however, have been generally reluctant to follow that course.

In Alaska, the state supreme court has retained enough faith in the sancti-

ty of the American home to still hold that the cultivation of personal-use quantities of marijuana in a residence is beyond police authority. In most states, entrapment—an issue in a great many drug cases—is still a viable defense, while in the federal courts the doctrine of "predisposition" has made it a virtual nonissue. And the "exclusionary rule"—that favored arrow in the drug lawyer's quiver—though still strong in most states, seems destined to be weakened severely in the federal system within the year.

Patrick Bishop, editor of *Criminal Law Monthly*, sends along a case from, of all unlikely places, Mississippi, that illustrates the relatively enlightened posture of even that state's supreme court (and sheds some light on the faithless relationship between narc and snitch).

One Tony Penick, an informant for the federal Drug Enforcement Administration, unexpectedly encountered his own control agent in the Jackson Municipal Airport, the story goes. The agent, with little more "probable cause" than Penick's nervousness and the fact that he'd just got off a plane from Fort Lauderdale, had Penick detained and strip-searched, and went through his luggage, where he found two pounds of marijuana. Penick was convicted of possession by the trial court, but the Mississippi Supreme Court reversed, because the evidence was seized after an illegal arrest. This they did in accordance with Section 23 of the Mississippi Constitution, which is virtually identical to the U.S. Constitution's Fourth Amendment.

It is certainly possible that Penick would have prevailed even if he had been charged in federal court, but the high justices of Mississippi made it quite clear in their decision that they didn't care a fig what a federal court would have done. Firmly, if somewhat awkwardly, they wrote:

"The words of our Mississippi Con-

stitution are not balloons to be blown up or deflated every time, and precisely in accord with the interpretation the U.S. Supreme Court, following some tortuous trail, is constrained to place upon similar words in the U.S. Constitution."

And they came out four-square for the exclusionary rule: "This Court is thoroughly committed to the proposition that an illegal arrest renders a subsequent search inadmissible."

In Mississippi, mind you!

Encouraging, though Barbash, in his report on the state-court conference, notes that "relatively few lawyers are even familiar with their state constitutions." That may be true, but according to Alan Silber, who practices defense law in New York and New Jersey, "That's changing. Very, very rapidly." Silber has been following the trend toward greater civil-liberties protections in state law for several years and has addressed NORML-affiliated attorneys on that very issue. More and more universities, Silber says, are offering courses in state constitutional law, and lawyers feel compelled to bone up on state protections since the winds have shifted against defendants' rights in federal courts. He points out, though, that no one who gets busted has a choice as to where he will be tried, in a case where the option exists, prosecutors decide whether to file charges in state or federal court. A defense attorney in a state case, however, can choose to make his arguments on the basis of state constitutional principles, if the relevant state precedents are more auspicious than the federal ones.

So, in view of the fact that a great many lawyers are just now educating themselves about state constitutional defenses, might it not be wise for a client/defendant to remind his advocate to examine the protections available at the state level?

"It couldn't hurt," says Alan Silber. "It couldn't hurt." □

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HIGH

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tried acid, never got too involved for the reason that it's too exhausting—and I just don't like doing things that are gonna tie me up and knock me down.

Most of our subjects were special-occasion users. Regardless of their specific frequency of use, these subjects indicated that smoking marijuana was associated with certain activities. They insisted that the change in perception when intoxicated heightened their enjoyment of these activities:

I: Are there any activities that the use of marijuana makes easier for you?

R: Living my life [laugh]. I think that most of the things I do that make me feel good, I would just as soon do stoned as straight. I mean, if I'm in some kind of athletic stuff—occasionally I get together with some friends and play touch football—that's just as much fun or more fun stoned. Chess is definitely more fun stoned. In fact, that's one of the reasons I got into chess. There's a puerile element to most games that I just don't get off on, or else it's really rigid. I'll play hearts sometimes, and I enjoy hearts, but it's a very cerebral sort of enterprise, it really is. But chess, once you know the rules and a couple of openings and stuff, chess is largely intuitive. And that's what getting stoned is about. It's opening the third eye, just sort of increasing that capacity, and that's why I like to play chess stoned. So I guess, in general, things that involve intuition are most fun stoned.

Perhaps the most frequent effect reported was the increased enjoyment of eating, the well-known "munchies."

I: What do you particularly like about marijuana, the marijuana high?

R: You know, everything is much more enjoyable, stuff like that. Eat a hell of a lot more, get the munchies all the time. I don't really know. Kills a lot of time.

Many planned their use around this activity.

I: Do you ever smoke marijuana before dinner?

R: Once in a while. If I'm going out to a restaurant and I really want to chow down and get my money's worth, I'll smoke a couple of "jays" before I go out. And that way I know I'm going to get my money's worth.

Another frequent report was that the changed perception enhanced users' enjoyment of sexual activity:

R: I find that sex is better when I'm stoned.

I: How come? What's the difference?

R: Well, because I can do more things with grass. I can, well, when I'm straight there's just too much goin' on, you know, in my head. If I wanted to kiss a girl while I was straight, there'd be too much going on in my head for me to really get into the kiss, whereas with grass I can get into the kiss much more easily. I can really *feel* the kiss, the energy in the mouth, and that's all I feel. Like a blending of energies... more into body feelings rather than thinking. "Well, am I doing this right, will she like this, will I

"Grass
breaks down
your own
defenses, so that
you can see
through the
defenses of other
people."

like this?" Everything just happens naturally, and you are only in that experience, not in another and not in your head. You can even feel what the other person is feeling, I mean in her body. You can feel with your body when her body is close to orgasm and then you begin to feel it too. There's something like a merging of feelings, body feelings, and every touch, every movement, is like magnified a hundred times. Touches even on the hands or even toes become intense. The only problem is that usually after such an intense experience I just want to fall asleep. But that's okay, too. There's this sense of timelessness. Nothing exists but this moment.

This description of enhanced enjoyment, which was echoed in one form or

another by most subjects, seemed to the interviewers to be accurate. But some other reports of pleasurable experiences seemed to indicate that the users were having difficulties.

For example: "I think I use it in three ways. Be a big shot. Next I use it for hiding myself; if I've got a problem, I cut it out right then and there. And the third thing is enjoying myself. Going out for a ride and smoking marijuana and laughing and stuff. You know, you go down the corner of Boston Common and run awhile, or get high and run track or something; that's all it is. That's what I do for enjoyment. Something to hide away from." In other areas of his life this young man showed a tendency to self-consciousness that resulted in defensiveness and a fear of exposure. This tendency seemed to be enhanced by his marijuana use, controlled though it was.

Another example of drug use reported as pleasurable was even more alarming.

R: It's easier to go to school stoned. It's just easier to space out the classes more. You're just less conscious of the busy-work and the bullshit. You just sit there and leave your body there if you want. I used to go to math class at two o'clock, my last class, and just fall asleep. I'd never done that before, sleep in the afternoon or sleep in public or sleep in school, and I'd just go in there, fall asleep, and when I heard the bell, I'd wake up, and instantly I'd be awake. It was as if I was in alpha, meditating. Oh, that freaked me out, 'cause I'd sleep through the class, but I'd wake up instantly at the bell, I mean wide awake, more awake than when I came into the class. And I'm just able to daydream in that class. Draw pictures. And I'm also more able to listen to the teacher. If I want to tune into the teacher and it's noisy and I'm stoned, I become a better receptor.

The last report seemed alarming not just to the research team but to other subjects as well. One user expressed his general concern as follows:

R: I think that [it's dangerous] for people getting involved with drugs, especially young people beginning high school. I know that when I talk to my brother [and his friends], they tell me some pretty incredible things about drug abuse in high school. When I went to high school I was a fairly serious student, but they say that the majority of kids that go to school go to school stoned in the morning. That's like being an

alcoholic. And I know you cannot go to school stoned and learn as much as you would have if you weren't. It's just sort of a way to avoid the unpleasantness of school. But it really is a type of escape. I believe that. As far as hard drugs are concerned, in high schools it's just too tempting for kids to become involved in this totally new experience, in a way, and [they] give it more credit than it's really worth. You can read so many articles about prodrug attitudes—that there is truly something beyond the physical aspect of it—that these kids will try it and it's great and they really get into it. And all of a sudden it's a new way to become socially involved with different people, which isn't what those kids need. The same thing with grass, I guess. All of a sudden there's a key, and they're involved in it, and it just can take away a lot.

Only a few of our subjects (41 percent) expressed overt difficulties with marijuana use, and most of them tended to blame the drug's illicitness rather than the drug itself.

I: Have you ever had any difficulties or adverse experiences with marijuana?

R: Only when I'm high or if I try to smoke in a public place like on the street. If I'm alone or with friends at somebody's house it's okay, but I get really, really nervous to be outside with it, even when I'm with friends. My friends don't seem to mind, but me, every time I see a police car or someone looks at me funny, I think they know I'm high or I'm carrying something and I get really paranoid. If I'm high on alcohol, I never get those feelings. I can even be staggering around a little or talking funny, but I never worry about it, I just enjoy it. But the fact that you're not supposed to possess grass or use it makes me afraid that someone is going to do something about it—like a cop.

The fear of being caught by the police falls into the same category:

R: Yeah, I've gone places with him in my car. I'll go some place and there will be roaches all over the car. Or I'm afraid someone will open the glove compartment and there will be an ounce of pot in there or something.

In addition, many of our younger subjects were afraid of being caught by their parents.

R: I came home one day and I'd just done a dope deal or something, and I left a few ounces of pot hanging around

on the top of my bureau 'cause I just went out to the store to get something and I didn't figure he'd be back, and I left the door open and he came in and saw it. . . "Oh, what's this?" Well, I said, "It's not mine," 'cause it wasn't, 'cause I'd sold it [laughs]. And he said, "Well, what are you doing with it?" and I said, "Just holding it for somebody." "You're holding it for somebody?" he said, and I said, "Yeah, he'll be here in twenty minutes to pick it up." And sure enough, in twenty minutes they came and picked it up—so I solved that one. So after that he just said, "Do you use that stuff?" and I said, "Well, yeah, I've tried it." "Do you use it a lot?" I said, "No." I didn't use it a lot . . . and I didn't see that much wrong with it anyway. . . and a few other times that we've talked about it, he told me that he used to smoke. I don't know if he used to use it, but he smoked it from time to time when he was younger. He used to live in Texas and I guess there are places where it was just growing! So he didn't think it was all that horrible. At that point I'm sure that the reason he felt that way about me using it was because it was an illegal drug and it could put me in jail. But I know how he feels now: he feels that it's a really stupid law.

The worst effect of marijuana use described by four (18 percent) users was a highly agitated state, usually defined as becoming "paranoid".

I: Did you ever have any adverse or unpleasant experiences with marijuana?

R: Yeah, I've become extremely paranoid at times, yeah. I was riding my motorcycle.

I: Did that stop you from using it?

R: No, I realized it was me, the same way as I had bad experiences on MDA. I realized it was me it was coming from, not the drug.

Two reported giving up marijuana for a brief time after such experiences. However, two other subjects wanted to continue use and tried to figure out under what conditions they could do so without experiencing the feared reaction.

R: I don't know if it's physiological or mental, but I can't do grass a lot and enjoy it because it gets me nervous, and I don't like being nervous. And it was hard for me to admit that. We have a group here, and I finally laid it on them, one time when I got high and I was really, really uptight. I was sitting there

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BELZER

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limousine. He could be driving it, he could be fixing it, he has all this, one side to another. So I don't know. Jackie Mason. He's as funny as anyone in the world.

Richard Pryor, Albert Brooks and Jackie Mason to me are the three funniest men on earth.

HIGH TIMES: Jackie Mason may be a hero to you, because he gave Ed Sullivan the finger on national TV, and as a result was blacklisted from the business.

BELZER: Yeah. I guess on some level he was. I didn't think of it that way. But he hurt himself. We've both recovered from disasters. I did things where I was told I was through in the business.

HIGH TIMES: Well, like what? I mean, how did you get this rep? I mean, you must have done something.

BELZER: I was doing a special in 1978 called "Chevy and Friends," for HBO. And Chevy wanted me to be on it and to cohost with him and introduce new comedians and ba ba bee, ba ba ba. So I was hanging out with Chevy a lot. And it was just towards the end of the Zevon tour. The famous 1978 Zevon tour that's now a legend. Where he took out a .45 and shot a cockroach in his bathtub. Another story.

HIGH TIMES: Those rock stars.

BELZER: Um, Zany, aren't they? "Go ahead, make my day." Um, so I was at Chevy's house. I was supposed to open for Warren Zevon at the Universal Amphitheater. One show; it was a big job for me then. I think it was \$1,000 for one show, in those days that was a lot of money for me. Today it's a lot of money for me.

Um, and I was at Chevy's house, doing that white stuff that you put on mirrors—

HIGH TIMES: Windex.

BELZER: And we're doing tons of it, and it was getting right around the time I was supposed to show up at Universal Amphitheater. And I just waited a little bit too long. I got a ride there. I pulled into the back. And I hear, inside the amphitheater, "Richard Belzer will not be here tonight. He called, he's sick," you know, something. You know, oh, no.

So I run back to Warren Zevon's dressing room and he's fixing his tie and I say, "Warren, I'm here and they just said I was sick." You know, he never got mad at me. He was mad at

me, but he couldn't show it. He just shrugged.

So, after that incident, my agent at the time said, "I have gotten calls from the whole West Coast office of William Morris, promoters all around the country. You'll never work again. No one will ever book you again. How could you not show up and not have a good reason? What were you doing? Coke with Chevy Chase?"

I said, "No, no, no." You know, I made up some lame excuse for something about not knowing the way or something. But that, to this day, that's a famous story in certain circles. I found out years later why certain agents wouldn't take a call from me. As time goes on, I hear what people have thought of me over the years and some of it amazes me. I mean, how people are so terrified of me.

I mean, to this day, it's just a thing that I have to use to my advantage, I guess.

HIGH TIMES: But terrified?

BELZER: Because they see me onstage and they think, "Well, this guy, he gets me alone in a room or in my office, he's gonna fucking bury me. He's gonna say, 'Fuck you' and 'Suck my cock' and 'How's your wife's cunt?' and 'I see the roots on your wife's hair' and 'I heard you fucked the maid' and 'I heard your son's on heroin' and 'You're a fucking douche bag and you have tax shelters that aren't legal and you're fucking your secretary and fuck you.'"

And that guy's gonna make a deal with me?

HIGH TIMES: In the *Rolling Stone* article you talked about going through almost a cathartic period with your comedy and the black side of your soul, you know, living a Lenny Bruce scene. You've obviously transcended that and gone past that. Is Richard Belzer happy?

BELZER: Yeah, I'm much more serene and serious.

I think my time has come and I'm ready for it, I'm not gonna put a bullet in my head or stick a needle in my arm now, whereas I might have five or six years ago. Not a bullet, I would have gone out with drugs no matter how crazy I was.

HIGH TIMES: Does the serenity scare you—I mean in the same sense it seems to have scared Pryor?

BELZER: It's not the kind of serenity where I would be complacent and just go stand up onstage and take the applause because I am who I am. I mean, I'm not a big star, obviously.

People in the business know who I am and I do have a cult following that is kind of going overground now because of the Thicke show and because of the HBO special, and my career has been an accumulative series of events rather than this meteoric rise.

The thing I feel really good about is that I am now in a position to put my art where my mouth is and I've always felt that I've had an obligation to be not just a comedian but to be a journalist and to be a poet and to report things and educate people, and I know that sounds professorial for a comedian to talk like this and I hate when anyone does, but I genuinely believe that I do have something to say and that I can affect people's lives, even if it's just through laughter.

I feel very proud of the way that I handled disagreements with the Thicke people—I didn't go berserk and say, "Fuck them, fuck them, fuck them," which I would've a few years ago. But I can't relate to network people with their arbitrary artless bullshit, parroting what they think the audience is gonna like. One thing I've learned in this business, nobody knows anything. And anybody who says or claims they think they know—anything—they're full of shit.

Nobody knows anything because the worst elements in the world have worked and become big hits, and the greatest elements in the world have failed and everything in between. So if I have an idea, why isn't it as good as anybody else's idea? I mean, I'm not stupid. On the Thicke show I had great writers around me; I had intelligent, supportive producers, I had a great director, and if I believed in an idea, it was just as valid as some schmuck's. Who knows how he got it—what are his fucking qualifications, was he on the stage for ten years, no. He was drinking martinis in the boardroom. I've earned the right to say, "I don't want to do this this way." I'm not totally incorrigible, and I do relent on certain things; it's a very diplomatic thing and I've learned to do it... to survive. For the greater good of my work—I mean I want to add that in all seriousness.

HIGH TIMES: Well, were you—essentially what the *Rolling Stone* article pegged you—a self-destructive genius, afraid of success—

BELZER: No, that's too psychoanalytical for me. I don't know if that's true. See, I refused to read for certain sitcoms; I was offered certain things

and I didn't want to do them and they said, "Oh, he's afraid." Not because I was afraid, but because I don't want to be the dumb fucking neighbor who has five gestures and one inflection that he does for twenty-six weeks for eight years. I don't want to be the guy who comes in and goes—and gets the recognition applause and does the goofy joke and leaves. I mean, fuck you. I'm not Lennie and Squiggy, okay.

It's strange—it always used to be, "Richie, Richie, clean it up." Now they're paying me to be dirty. So HBO now says, "We want Belzer to be dirty, political and intelligent..." That's a direct quote.

HIGH TIMES: What a crazy world—**BELZER:** And years ago I was like plutonium rods.

HIGH TIMES: So now they want you to be dirty. What's the dirtiest joke you ever told? Or the sickest?

BELZER: Here's one Chevy told me: A theatrical agent is in his office. A guy comes in, says, "I have an act." The agent says, "Okay, what does the act do?" The guy says, "Well, it's a family act. It's me and my family. First, my son comes out. He pulls down his pants and shits on the stage. Then my wife comes out and she rubs her face in it. Then my little daughter comes out and takes all her Tampax from all her periods and sticks them in the shit. Then I jerk off. Then I take my whole family and we rub our faces in the shit and the come and the blood, then I shit in my son's face while my daughter puts a dildo on and fucks him in the ass, while she's eating her mother. Then my wife shits on my face and then I kiss my daughter on the mouth while my son's fucking my wife in the ass. Then my father comes out—he's a very old man—he comes out and is just barely able to throw up. We mix all the stuff together with that and we start eating it. Then my mother's mother comes out and my father puts a dildo on and fucks her in the ass while she's throwing up, because of the smell of all the shit that's already on the stage. Then we all take off all our clothes and roll around in all this shit and start throwing up because of the smell, how disgusting it is, and then we start fucking and sucking each other and then I fuck my wife in the ass while she's blowing my son while his sister is fucking her in the ass with a dildo while my grandfather and grandmother are going sixty-nine." So the agent says, "Oh yeah? What do you call the act?" And the guy says, "The Aristocrats." □

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS FORTY-FOURTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

539 SMOKING AND CARDIOVASCULAR DISEASE

The U.S. Department of Health and Human Services' (DHHS) 1983 report on the health consequences of smoking reviews the evidence associating smoking with coronary heart disease (CHD) and other forms of cardiovascular disease (CVD). It concludes that cigarette smoking is a major cause of CHD for both men and women and should be considered the most important of the known modifiable risk factors for CHD.

The report estimates that up to 30% of deaths from CHD can be attributed to cigarette smoking; approximately the same percentage of cancer deaths have been attributed to smoking. However, because there are more CHD deaths in the United States than cancer deaths (565,000, compared with 416,000 in 1980), estimates of cigarette smoking related CHD deaths (170,000) are higher than estimates of cigarette smoking-related cancer deaths (125,000).

Atherosclerosis, the main underlying process of CVD, is characterized by the accumulation of lipid in the intima of large elastic arteries (aorta) and medium-sized muscular arteries (coronary, femoral, carotid, and others). Autopsy studies have demonstrated a significant positive relationship between smoking and atherosclerosis. The evidence is most striking for atherosclerosis of the aorta, but a significant positive relationship exists with lesions of the coronary arteries.

Coronary Heart Disease

Prospective mortality studies involving over 20 million person years of observation reveal that smokers have a 70% greater CHD death rate than nonsmokers. Heavy smokers (those who smoke two or more packs per day) have an almost 200% greater CHD mortality rate than nonsmokers.

Cigarette smoking increases the risk of developing CHD, and this effect is independent of the other major risk factors for CHD. However, smoking interacts with the other major risk factors (elevated serum cholesterol and hypertension) to substantially increase the CHD risk beyond the sum of the independent components. Each factor contributes about the same order of magnitude of risk for CHD. When one factor is present, the risk approximately doubles; with two factors, the risk is fourfold greater; and when all three are present, the CHD risk is eightfold greater than when none of the three factors are present.

Cigarette smokers experience a twofold to fourfold greater risk for sudden cardiac

death than do nonsmokers. This risk is dose-related when measured by the number of cigarettes smoked per day.

A synergistic relationship between oral contraceptive use and cigarette smoking exists for myocardial infarction. Women who use both have a 10 times higher risk than women who use neither.

A substantial benefit of smoking cessation in reducing the risk of CHD can be detected within a few years of cessation. Ten years after cessation, the CHD risk of an ex-smoker approaches that of a person who has never smoked.

Cerebrovascular Disease

An association between smoking and cerebrovascular disease has been found in numerous prospective mortality studies. This relationship is stronger in younger age groups. The increased risk of cerebrovascular disease from smoking appears to decrease rapidly after cessation.

The combination of smoking and oral contraceptives is associated with marked increase of risk in women for one particular type of cerebrovascular disease—subarachnoid hemorrhage.

Other Forms of Vascular Disease

Smoking is the major modifiable risk factor for atherosclerotic peripheral vascular disease. Smoking cessation is important in the clinical management of patients with peripheral vascular disease, as it is with other forms of CVD. Mortality due to rupture of abdominal aortic aneurysms is more common among smokers than among nonsmokers.

Intervention Studies

The 1983 DHHS report notes that one of the elements supporting the judgment of causality in the smoking-CHD relationship is the effect of smoking cessation. Smokers reduce their excess risks when they stop smoking. The report describes numerous intervention programs and trials in this country and abroad, concluding that the effectiveness of the interventions increases when multiple methods such as individual counseling, group sessions, and media campaigns are appropriately combined with proper reinforcement and follow-up.

Morbidity & Mortality Weekly Report, Jan. 6, 1984

540 FDA TO INVESTIGATE ANY DRUG CLAIMING TO MINIMIZE INEBRIATION

The Food and Drug Administration (FDA)

has declared that fructose or any other substance that its makers claim will "minimize or prevent inebriation" will be considered a new drug.

As such, it must be reviewed and approved by the FDA before it may be marketed over the counter, Margaret Heckler, Secretary of Health and Human Services, said in a recent *Federal Register* notice.

"The agency is concerned that such products may present a potential health hazard, particularly when motorists rely on unsubstantiated claims that the products will prevent or minimize an inebriated state," the FDA said.

"Products that claim to prevent or minimize inebriation could give persons who consume alcoholic beverages and then drive a motor vehicle a false sense of security, convincing them that they are capable of driving when, in fact, they are not," the FDA notice said.

*Status Report,
Sept. 20, 1983*

541 LIFE ENHANCING OR DESTRUCTIVE BEING 'HIGH' CAN BE BOTH

Hamilton Describing someone as 'high' names a category of activity, but the experience can be life-enhancing, self-destructive or anything in-between, says Calgary educator Ken Low.

"An intoxicant is a tool for getting high, but so is (Toronto's) CN Tower," he told the annual Institute on Addiction Studies here.

People like to get high because things look different, and they want things to look different because "the human mind can stand anything but boredom."

A person 'high' on the CN Tower could make a nuisance of himself with irresponsible behavior such as dropping things over the edge. He could experience mirth from the sudden change of perspective, when the cars below look like toys.

He might have an esthetic reaction from looking at the scenery, or he might begin asking questions and analyzing to get a better understanding of the lay of the land.

He might "freak out" at how high he is, and drop to the floor, screaming, or experience fear or minor discomfort. Realizing he's only six inches from infinity, he might go over the edge.

*Betty Low Lee, Journal of the
Addiction Research Institute,
Toronto, Sept. 1, 1983*

High Times welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, High Times, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

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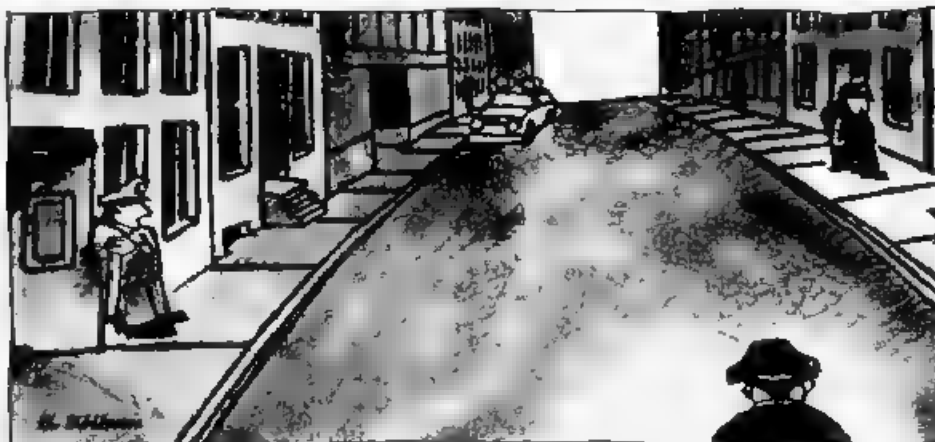
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PEANUTS

/ continued from page 45

the floor. He landed flat upon his face. Tanya screamed a false scream. Stockmeyer got to his knees, straightened his necktie, looked up at Larry Nelson.

"Okay, you son of a bitch! You're fired!"

"What do I care, fat boy? I got two years on the contract!"

"You'll get paid, you prick! But you're not managing my ball club!"

Stockmeyer rose to his feet.

"Furthermore, I'm suing you for assault and battery! You'll hear from my lawyer!"

"If you were any kind of man, Stockmeyer, you'd fight back!"

"I could take you. I just don't want to dirty my hands on you."

"Bullshit!"

Stockmeyer weaved to the bar exit and then was gone. Then Larry looked around for the guy who had given him the finger. He was gone too.

The phone rang about 10:30 A.M. Tanya reached out from the bed and picked it up

"Yeah?"

Then she shook Larry Nelson. He twisted in the sheets and sat up.

"What is it?"

She pulled back the sheet and threw the phone upon his genitals. Larry reached down and got it.

"Hello? Oh, Stockmeyer... How'd you find me? What? Yeah, I understand. Well, okay then, but remember, I run the fucking thing, right? All right, then. You're on. Goodbye."

Larry reached across Tanya and hung the phone up

"What was it?"

"He wants me back"

"You going?"

"Yeah, I need the action."

Larry climbed out of bed and went to the bathroom, pissed. Then he washed his hands and face, threw some water on his hair, brushed it back with his hands. He walked out of the bathroom. He was naked. He just stood there in the room.

"Boy," Tanya said from the bed, "you were really lousy last night -"

"Never mind that," he said. "We got any coke left?"

"No, nothing—you got a nose like an elephant."

"Shit," said Larry.

He reached down and scratched his balls. □

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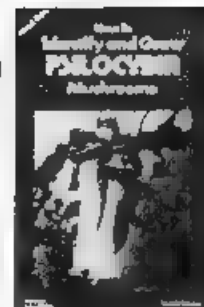
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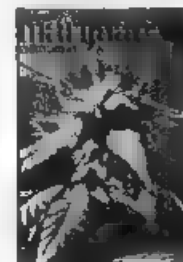
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MY MUDDY

What do a middle-class Jewish kid from Brooklyn and a middle-age black ex-farm worker from the Mississippi Delta have in common? Just a feeling called "the blues."
A tribute to Muddy Waters.

When I was 15 I lived in one of those big brick houses in a Brooklyn Jewish neighborhood. I had a group of friends and we all did the same things. We called each other by our last names, played sewer-to-sewer football dressed in T-shirts and dungarees and hung around on Saturday nights eating take-out Chinese from King Ho. But mostly we waited—waited to drive . waited to get the courage up to ask the girls out . . . waited for the parents to leave so we could hit the liquor cabinet . waited for something to do—waited to get old enough so our lives could get started.

Around that time I bought my first blues album. It was called *Live Wire Blues* by Albert King. It floored me. Literally I would lie down on the green wall-to-wall carpeting in our living room and place my head right between the two detachable speakers from our Zenith Sound Center, and listen full blast to those burning, twisting notes from King's guitar. The music touched off something in me, something very

sad but at the same time liberating and exultant. I became a blues proselytizer. I tried desperately to get my friends to listen, but it was no go. They simply could not make that very small leap from Hendrix, the Beatles and the Doors to Albert, and B.B. and Muddy Waters.

I still haven't found out why the blues had such a profound effect on me, but I now know that it changed my life. It broke the pattern that locked me into



Jeff Rosen is manager at a prominent New York City music publishing firm. He also works as a professional musician, producer and songwriter.

Brooklyn adolescence, providing my first real inkling of the violent, powerful and brutal world outside of my sheltered borough. I remember lying sleeplessly in bed on summer nights, listening to the sound of the blues on the radio mingle with the traffic noises through the open window, until I felt I was swirling in time and space. Those voices from the '30s sounded so true and real they almost brought me to tears.

I began picking out the blues on the piano, mimicking Albert King's solo lines. At first I was frustrated by what seemed to be the piano's limitations, but eventually I stumbled upon the discordant, hammer-fisted approach almost all pianists use to make the European scale conform to the sliding pitches needed for the blues. I'd sit at the piano in our living room, howling

about my home in the Delta, while a few feet away my bar-mitzvah picture stood on the coffee table. But I never felt the incongruity.

I began playing the harmonica, always carrying it with me, ready at a moment's notice to brandish my identity as a bluesman. Sure, I was wrapped up in the mythology of the blues. How could I not be? The blues world of hard luck and hard drinkin' and fast times and long-legged mamas reached its musty arms around me and grabbed me (this tall, thin, half-mustached Jewish boy) to its pulsating bosom. But, despite all its romantic allure, there was something about the music that always cut me to the bone.

Years later in college I began to drift away from the blues and got into jazz. Dazzled by anything so hard to understand, I was thrilled by the incomprehensible cascade of notes that jazz seemed to be. Eventually, as jazz became more familiar to me, I found that the players I dug most were those who used the blues-feel in their playing—musicians like Lester Young and Gene Ammons who were able, like the great bluesmen, to perform that magical alchemy that can transform a single note into a rainbow of emotion. Now, 15 years after buying *Live Wire Blues* Power, I'm back home with the blues. The man that called me home was the legendary king of the Chicago blues sound, Muddy Waters.

When Muddy Waters died last year I went out and bought two albums reissued on French Chess: *Muddy Waters—Folk Singer* and a double record set titled, *Muddy Waters—The Chicago Years*. I think I've played them at least once a week since then. Every time I listen to the recordings I am astounded by their perfection. Not perfection in the European classical sense of exact fingerings and perfect technique, but perfection in the human sense. Those are the most expressive recordings I have ever heard.

Muddy was born McKinley Morganfield in Rolling Fork, located in the Mississippi Delta, on April 4, 1915. He was raised by his grandmother in Clarksdale, Mississippi. He began playing harmonica at age 13, and guitar by 17. Before long he was able to supplement his income from farm work by playing "all around our little town—Saturday-night suppers and Sunday-afternoon get-togethers, even played for white get-

togethers, picnics and such." In 1941 he was first recorded by folk collector Alan Lomax, who was down South gathering music for the Library of Congress. In 1943 he joined the black exodus from the rural South and moved to Chicago. By the end of the decade he was a rhythm and blues star.

Muddy Waters—Folk Singer was recorded in 1963 in an effort to capitalize on the folk craze of the early '60s. The idea was to record Muddy with a small combo playing only acoustic instruments so that their music could be considered "legitimate" folk performances. Although the idea that Muddy would have to legitimize his folk status is laughable, the concept of this album works beautifully. This record, more than any other I've heard, seems to capture the rural-blues sound of the Mississippi Delta.

I have listened to, and loved, the recordings of the early bluesmen like Charlie Patton and Robert Johnson, but to be perfectly honest, there always seemed to be something missing, something that keeps them from reaching the transcendent qualities I've experienced from later blues recordings. Listening to *Folk Singer* makes it clear just how much the blues recordings of the '30s suffered from the poor recording capabilities of that era. Being able to hear every nuance of Muddy's voice on *Folk Singer* makes me wonder just how powerful Robert Johnson's records might have sounded if they had been recorded under better circumstances. Though there are hundreds of great blues records from the Delta, their power is almost always diluted by the crude recording techniques of the '30s. Muddy Waters was one of the Mississippi originals who lived long enough to be able to record acoustically during the modern era.

The songs on *Folk Singer* sound like they were cut one hot afternoon on a back porch overlooking the cottonfields. They're played with the kind of relaxed, unhurried attitude of a musician who knows he's going to fill up a whole afternoon just by playing and singing. The best blues contains the same battle of tension and release that lovemaking does. Like an expert lover, an expert bluesman knows how to take his time. On *Folk Singer* Muddy is all restraint, making even the slightest use of force seem like an earthshaking climax. He whispers and coos the blues, singing almost entirely to himself. The accompaniment is sparse: Buddy Guy playing



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Norman E. Zinberg, M.D.

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single-note leads, Willie Dixon rolling the bass and Clifton James slapping the brushes on a single snare to provide the backbeat. Muddy fills the spaces in with unearthly groans and hums, accenting his vocals with stinging slide-guitar work miked so closely that we can hear the metallic slither of the slide cutting across the strings. Even though these songs were recorded 20 years after Muddy left for Chicago, they are an ultimate rendering of what Muddy would call "deep blues."

Muddy Waters—The Chicago Years is a reissue of the sides that Muddy recorded for Leonard Chess from 1948–1964. During those years, Muddy, accompanied by Chicago blues greats like harmonica player Little Walter and guitarist Jimmy Rogers, revolutionized the sound of the blues, laying down the foundation upon which rock 'n' roll would be built. When Muddy arrived in Chicago he was playing blues in the Delta acoustic style. But he soon realized that by amplifying his guitar he could rock a big Saturday-night party, or a south-side nightclub much more easily. He added other amplified instruments, Little Walter playing hornlike lines on the harp and Jimmy Rogers playing boogie patterns on the guitar, until he arrived at the driving, cranked-up blues heard on songs like "I'm Ready" and "Walkin' Through the Park." As Muddy put it: "We went to putting time to our lowdown Mississippi blues. We put a pretty good group together because we learned beat, learned what the people's movin' off of. Even it's the blues we still had to drive behind it."

That beat is what changed Muddy's blues so profoundly. Once the band starts up it's like a steamroller, crushing everything in its path with unrelenting propulsion. And that propulsion, coupled with Muddy's perfect singing, slashing slide work and old-time Delta-blues sensibilities is what makes these recordings so fabulous. "She's Alright" is a perfect example. Without the drum-work and the amplified instruments, this could easily be a classic Delta-blues performance using the old rural-blues technique of playing the slide guitar in unison with the vocal melody. But the drumming and amplification transform these Delta elements into a new type of blues sound. A sound that would come to be called "Chicago blues."

Muddy Waters is credited as a major influence by many rock performers. The Rolling Stones took their name from one of his early hits. Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck have made no secret of their debt to Muddy. The Chicago blues

sound he created was so close to being rock 'n' roll that it's hard to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. Muddy Waters created a sound that borrowed from the rural blues of Mississippi roots, Louis Jordan's swing-styled jump blues and the more sophisticated crooner blues of the R&B chart toppers. The raw, energetic-beat-oriented music he created constitutes the real beginnings of rock 'n' roll.

I find Muddy's blues in many ways more satisfying than the music it spawned. Early rock 'n' roll is an explosion of adolescent joy, an outpouring of I-don't-give-a-shit-let's-party attitudes. But the Chicago blues, to me, feels more elemental, more basic—ultimately, more human than rock 'n' roll. It can have the same burst of release, but can also take its time and express deeper and more subtle emotions. Emotions that run so deep they seem to take on mystical powers. There's something in the way that Muddy hums a note, shouts a phrase or plays a lick on the slide guitar that connects with an unconscious part of me. He has unraveled some chromosomal link that allows him to tap directly into the listener's emotions. How else could he sing that same phrase, play that same goddamn note in every song and have it move me each time?

Thanks to Muddy, my addiction to the blues is back and once again I'm trying to attract converts. Now listen up, so I don't have to stop you on the streets and hand you a pamphlet—both of these records are available as imports. If you don't live in a major city they can be hard to find. My suggestion is to write to Down Home Music, Inc., 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530. They are the biggest blues, early rock 'n' roll and folk mail-order company and most likely will have these albums in stock. If you're interested in reading more about the blues, pick up *Deep Blues* by Robert Palmer. He traces the development of the blues from the Delta to Chicago, using the words of the bluesmen themselves whenever possible.

When Muddy died last year there were no presidential declarations, no memorial-stamp issued, no five-minute capsule from Dan Rather on the seven-o'clock news. There were just obits in the music papers and a few words on the local stations, and Muddy Waters quietly became part of the American music heritage. But luckily for us, the recordings he made are still available. Hopefully, more people will search out those records and Muddy will take his rightful place as one of the seminal figures in American popular music. □

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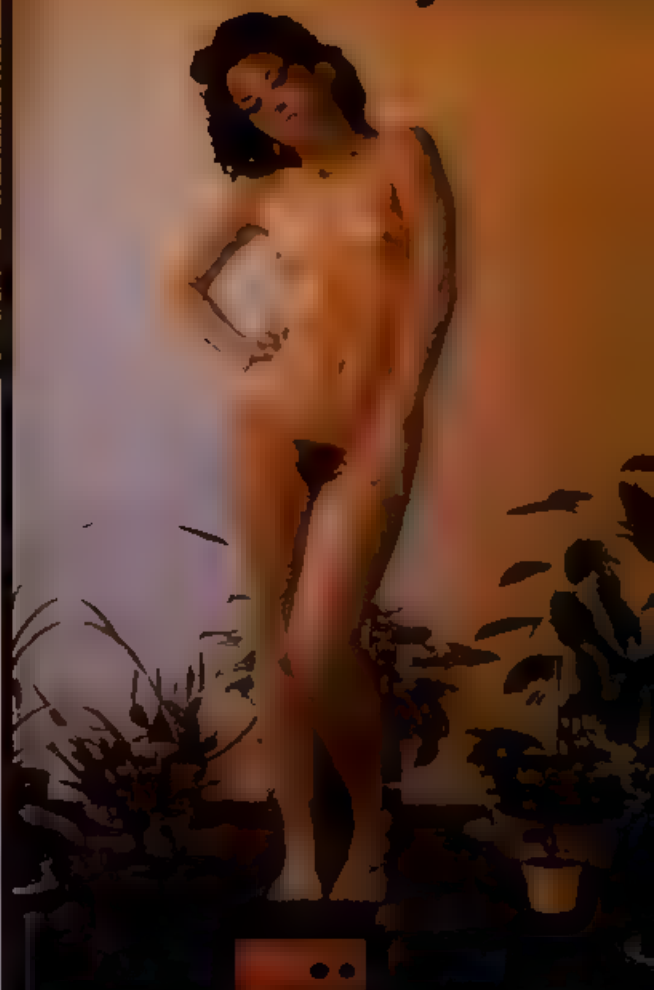


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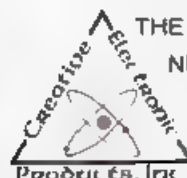
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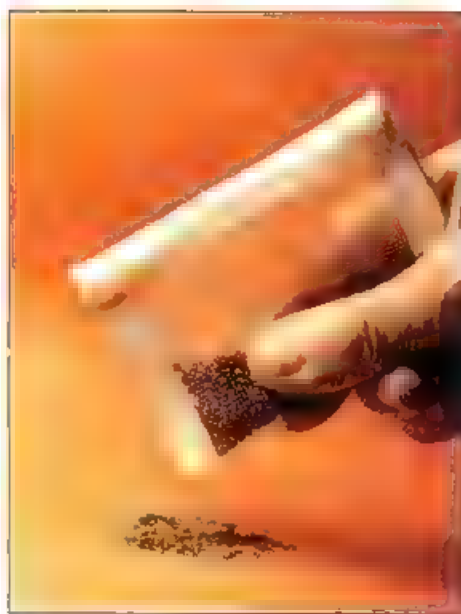
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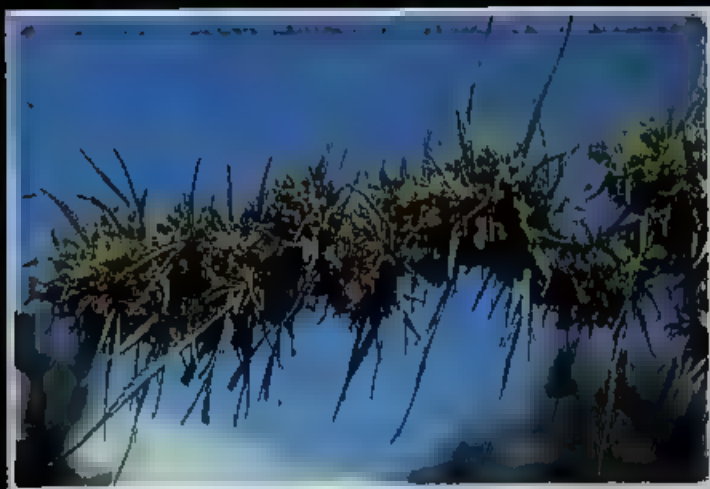
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Pot Shots is the title of an hour-long video filmed in the hills of Northern California. The best dope farmers in the region pooled their horticultural secrets, creating a how-to growers' video that virtually guarantees a successful harvest. While the look of the film may have profited from the hand of an honest-to-goodness filmmaker (or at least someone whose taste in soundtracks runs to other than honking geese), it remains a mine of valuable information. For a copy of *Pot Shots* send \$59 plus \$2 postage to: Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant, San Francisco, CA 94110. Specify VHS or Betamax.

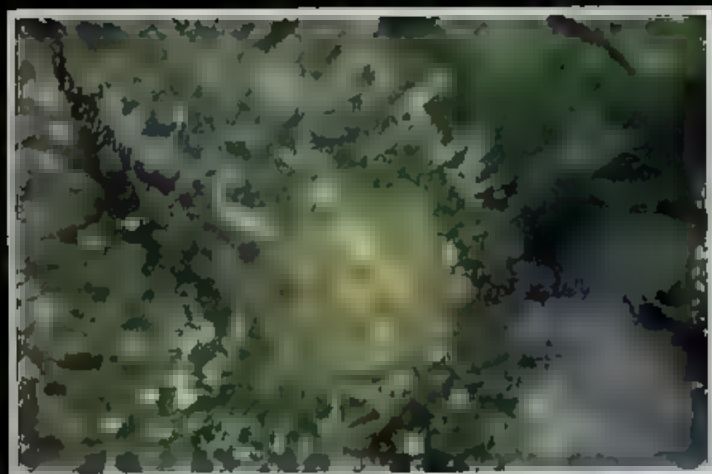


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HIGH

/ continued from page 78

and I was almost at the point of I don't know what... I was getting really upset at telling them this 'cause I had never told them that I get paranoid... I find it's much easier to control hallucinogens than it is to control grass. Grass is almost always guaranteed to get me uptight. If it got where I enjoyed it, I would do it as much as I felt like doing it. 'Cause I see where people have it as a very large part of their lives, but yet it doesn't rule them; people I know who are therapists, they'll get high excessively, but yet still are doing viable things and enjoying it. I feel sort of bad that I can't do it that much, but I just have to live with it. But I would say that if I could get things straight, I'd probably smoke a little bit more. It is enjoyable when you do enjoy it. I've really dug it at times.

In a sense, such subjects use this reaction as a further mechanism, albeit a shaky and dangerous one, to promote control.

Effect of Use on Work and Relationships. With the marked exception of the young man who lost his job in the garage, as well as of some students whose schoolwork was affected, our subjects denied that marihuana had had any definite influence on their work life. They also did not feel that it had influenced their relationships with people negatively. [This response was in sharp contrast to that of our opiate-using subjects.] The most common effect reported was a bonding of friendships. Subjects contended that the experience of using together enhanced a feeling of closeness and solidarity:

R: We all worked together in this drug-counseling place. And, of course, because of our jobs we weren't supposed to use drugs, but of course we did. Soft drugs. We were all really different types and I think there would have been a lot more abrasiveness in our work together if we hadn't had this experience of coming together and getting stoned together. We even used to do it after hours in the counseling office! But it's like, well, grass breaks down your own defenses, so you can see through the defenses of other people. You can see, well, something like the core of their being. So that if Jim talks too much to people on the hotline or if Alice grabs

/ continued on page 96

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SEX ON ICE

Woman in Flames explores the warped love affair of a professional dominatrix and a bisexual gigolo; it is a coldhearted, comic autopsy of "liberated" sexuality.



The weird pleasure the Germans take in evoking horror can perhaps be ascribed to the excessive and very Germanic desire to submit to discipline, together with a certain proneness to sadism.

—Lotte Eisner (*The Haunted Screen*)

Virtually within minutes of the opening credits of Robert Van Ackeren's *Woman in Flames*, and with no psychological "explanation," Van Ackeren shows us a piquantly sexy, really ravishing young housewife (the bored bride of a self-absorbed academic) leaving her husband, moving in with a girlfriend, becoming a whore, screwing her first trick, falling in love with a bisexual gig-

olo and setting up housekeeping with him. All of this happens so swiftly, and with so little fuss or obvious directorial emphasis, that there is barely time or room to react at all, much less protest.

Indeed, the audience I saw it with—dominated by one of those wisecracking, rowdy bunches who apparently think most movies are fodder for their "witticisms" and who bellow over the credits, lob around popcorn bags and laugh scornfully at anyone who asks them to quiet down—seemed literally stunned into silence after 10 minutes. I didn't hear a peep out of them from then on. And with the movie's later head-on views of the housewife's blossoming career as a dominatrix, including one graphic nipple-clamping sequence that had me squirming, I suspect these swingers may have been a little, perhaps, *shocked*.

Woman in Flames, in fact, is a shocker, though it's not pornographic, or, in any sense of the word, exploitative. It's a shocker simply because its gaze is so steady and its blood so apparently cold—and because what that gaze is fixed on (the sexual kinks and culs-de-sac of the German middle class) is such a flabbergasting mélange of the banal, the warped and the excruciating.

The idea behind *Woman in Flames* (one of a number of ideas, actually, since Van Ackeren is clearly a director who values intellect above emotion) is that the psychotic, possessive and patriarchal notions behind many bourgeois marriages can infiltrate even the most determinedly anticonventional or "amoral" heterosexual unions as well—that society can enchain its "rebels" and profligates as securely as its slaves.

Eva (Gudrun Landgrebe) and Chris (Mathieu Carrière) are both whores.

They live together, screwing (or, in Eva's case, whipping and torturing) their clients on different floors of a split-level apartment. By certain notions, ones that seem increasingly absurd as the story gathers momentum, they are sexually and emotionally "liberated." Chris, supposedly, knows Eva's métier and accepts it. He is not her pimp but her fellow prostitute; and he is the more experienced whore, with years of orgasms under his belt. Yet by the film's climax, he is pursuing a ridiculous dream of bourgeois respectability (buying a sterile, swank restaurant with their combined earnings, and through the kindly offices of his oldest john), and he is also ready to kill Eva for "betraying" him with other men. (It's one of the movie's many ironies that he is jealous of Eva's clients—sad masochists who degrade and debase themselves, groveling at her feet and receiving almost nothing in return.)

So much for sexual rebellion. So much for hip androgyny. And so much, apparently, for German-worker entrepreneurship.

Van Ackeren has an extremely mean, extremely acute sense of humor. This is a film about sex in which never, for a moment, do we feel even a tremor of passion. Nor are we ever really shown any. Even when Eva is "in flames" the story seems mantled with ice, its soul frosted over. Van Ackeren is so objective in vivisectioning this particular sexual netherworld—the bondage-and-discipline masochists who crave Eva, the gaudy gay bars where Chris plies his trade—that you get the laughs squeezed out of you; you react with either astonishment or hilarity.

It's a lucid, black, dispassionate sort of humor—so empty of any apparent



Chris (Carriere) and Eva (Landgrebe) relax between customers.

sentiment or moralizing that it strips your nerves and leaves your mind bristling. In contrast to one insipid, recent American movie, *Angel*, supposedly "about" teenage prostitution in Los Angeles, *Woman in Flames* spares no one and sentimentalizes nothing—not even, interestingly, the camaraderie of those female whores, who are, after a fashion, the movie's "heroines."

Van Ackeren himself is sometimes described as "the young Rainer Werner Fassbinder," which is ironic, as they both started their careers in the late '60s, and Van Ackeren, at 38, is now two years older than Fassbinder was when he died. But he is young in the sense that his work has been virtually unknown in America until recently.

Like his colleagues in the German new wave—Herzog, Fassbinder, Wenders, Schlöndorff, Von Trotta, Kluge, Straub, Peter Handke—Van Ackeren shares a radical or antiestablishment political sensibility, a keen aestheticism and sense of film tradition, a taste for the bizarre, and that prototypically German flair for biting, bald, murderously blunt direct statement. Actually, he resembles the protean Fassbinder—whose rhapsodic, self-pitying, madly fertile style is little evident in the masterfully controlled *Woman in Flames*—only in his violent distaste for the German bourgeoisie and in his attraction to melodrama; and also, perhaps, in his sarcastic humor.

Woman in Flames is one of those films where every square inch of screen space seems to have been mapped out in advance, every gesture meticulously planned, every modulation shaded and reshaded. It's as calculated, in a way, as an issue of *Penthouse*—with pubic hair as delicately brushed as the grass on an Andrew Wyeth canvas.

Almost nothing seems to have been left to chance; and anyone for whom the highest pleasure in movies is the illusion of the spontaneous (Jack Nicholson's acting, Arthur Penn's violence, the ensemble in Kurys' *Entre Nous*) is likely to be unsettled or even rattled. The thesis of *Woman in Flames*—life is a trap, sexuality has become mechanized, conventions enslave even the conventional—is pointed up hauntingly by this mechanistic, jigsaw, Hitchcockian sort of construction. But it still unnerves you, keeps smacking you off balance.

So, of course, does the sexuality. In fact, the reason for the film's huge success in West Germany (a surprising success, considering Van Ackeren's radical reputation) is the sex—graphic, pitilessly portrayed—and the sexually appealing costars: Gudrun Landgrebe, with her innocent eyes, luscious body, and the cold deliberate twist of her mouth (Leslie Caron crossed with Marlene Dietrich), and the effete, preoccupied Carriere (who has a great moment, as, looking bored, he dabs Vaseline on his shaft while a client writhes in bed). Landgrebe, in fact, is the focal point of many of the movie's ads and reviews (as silly as ascribing *10's* success to Bo Derek).

All of this reminds you once more how often sex has been the "open sesame" in the United States for artistic or "difficult" foreign filmmakers. In *The Realm of the Senses*, *Last Tango in Paris* and *Belle de Jour* (which probably left a searing mark on Van Ackeren and *Woman in Flames*), these were the movies that marshaled vast American audiences for the "avant-garde" of radical filmmakers Oshima, Bertolucci and Buñuel. It's difficult to remember a major foreign filmmaker from Truffaut and Rohmer to Antonioni and Visconti, who hasn't

had their biggest U.S. success sold, somehow, as a sex film, even Ingmar Bergman was first marketed on these shores as a lusty Swedish pornographer and erotic comedian, for *Smiles of a Summer Night*, the grotesquely retitled *Naked Night* and, even later, *The Silence*. It was *La Dolce Vita*, and not *La Strada*, that made Fellini into "Fellini" and Akira Kurosawa himself has thus disarmingly cynical explanation for why it was *Rashomon* that spectacularly broke open the world market for the previously obscure Japanese film industry: "Well, you see, it's about this rape..." (Interestingly, the only major consistent exceptions to the sex-foreign-art film connection are movies about war, from *Grand Illusion* and *Open City* to *Das Boot*.)

In West Germany, where the all-time domestic box-office champion was *Christiane F.* (a tale of a 13-year-old drifting into prostitution and heroin addiction) and where a Babylonian, Weimar Era-style decadence seems to permeate every cranny of the cultural life, Van Ackeren's cold but steamy study of marriage and whoredom probably stung audiences even harder, pierced right down to the quick. *Woman in Flames* is an excellent, coldhearted, cruelly carnal comedy. It's not, perhaps, an unblemished, "realistic" study of prostitution or bourgeois marriage, or even of German society in microcosm. It is not even all that psychologically plausible. But there are, of course, many different roads to The Truth. According to Van Ackeren himself: "I find all films hopeless that merely set out to imitate reality, that pay lip service to authenticity by imitating: the familiar confusion of realism and naturalism. Realism has to do with truth, and one does not achieve it merely by describing surfaces."

Here, in a way, he has gone past the often appalling, odorous, magnetically sleazy surface—the kinks, the whips, studs, leather, Vaseline, torture-screws, and the odor of sexual salts and juice in chilly, overdesigned flats—and stripped it away, burned it off. Beneath the couplings and the fucks we see the naked face, the primal need—brutally twisted, shallowly served, corrupted by money, impaled on a knife point of false desire and roasted on the spit of social prostitution and greed. Behind these blank, sterile walls, the cries of coital joy and the howls of pain become entangled, indistinguishable. No wonder that audience of unruly wise-asses fell silent. □

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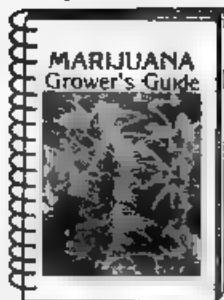
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HIGH

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all the phone calls before anyone else can get a chance to, well, you don't get so angry at them because you know you've had these times when you were high and relaxed together. And all those annoying personal habits either weren't there or just didn't bother you as much.

R: It's like you can develop a real sense of trust with people you get stoned with. Everybody gets a little whacked out, things are really funny that usually aren't, people's associations get really loose, but if you're high, too, you can understand them. I think that you need the same sort of trust to get really high with people that they say you need for an LSD trip. And if you get a little anxious or paranoid, there's always someone there to say something funny or tell you it's okay. I mean, it's the kind of experience that whatever you say or do is okay. I don't find that to be true in other situations. I feel closer to people I've gotten stoned with than to people I haven't.

Users often claimed that the drug itself produced this closeness. The research team, however, believed that it resulted from the sharing of an illicit and pleasurable experience, which gave the sense of being on the inside of something special and naughty that was not shared by the straight world.

R: I remember we used to feel really superior to people who weren't high or who had never smoked. We felt we understood things that they didn't. Well, it was a sort of religious trip we were into and we felt that when we were stoned we were close to God or the life source or whatever you want to call it, and people who were pot virgins never experienced that. Well, maybe they did; I mean, you read all these things about Indian yogis and whatnots who are high all the time. But we felt we got a glimpse of that experience when we were high and we could return to it whenever we wanted to, by smoking. No struggles, you know. No renunciation, no chanting, just light up a "jay".

Marijuana use certainly provided a special topic of conversation. It made the user feel like a member of a club.

R: I talked about drug use a lot with some friends, maybe because most of

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them get high, you know, that's why. If I hung around with friends who didn't take drugs, I wouldn't talk about it, but most of the people I know do use drugs.

On the other hand, marihuana use was not approved by all groups. Many of our subjects reported estrangement from old friends who did not use, because the users feared criticism and disapproval:

R: I began using with new friends because none of my other friends would want to smoke.

I: Did you ever ask your friends if they wanted to try?

R: No, not really, because I knew what they'd answer. I don't think I wanted so many of them to know.

I: Why?

R: Because they'd probably be disappointed in me.

I: You mean, be disappointed that you'd be different or changed?

R: Not so much that I'd be different, but I'd be taking drugs, and they'd say, "You don't need that, you can be happy without it."

Another issue mentioned by at least 23 percent of our subjects was dealing (selling drugs). Most experienced users deal at one time or another. Usually this is not for profit (although many try to get a free ounce or so for themselves out of it) but for convenience and solidarity. If someone can make a good buy in the world of marihuana users, he is expected to let his friends in on the transaction. He thus becomes a dealer. Being a dealer, he can also make new acquaintances and develop a certain prestige:

I: You would just deal marihuana with your friends?

R: Yeah. Occasionally I'd deal to an outside person, but mainly with friends. It was exciting.

I: Dealing for profit, or dealing to cover costs, or—

R: Dealing for kicks, I mean, for the excitement, and the macho, and the ego. I was the dealer and my name was known nationally. I was so proud when I met some girl for the first time and became really close, and after a while she said, "I've heard of you," and that was really an ego thing. □

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